

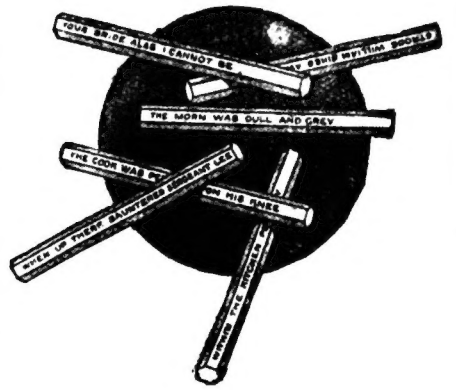
TWIDDLE THE RHYME-STICKS AND WIN £100

PEARSON'S

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Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

See inside.



No. 937.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING JULY 2, 1908.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post, full value per return, or offer made. — Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years).

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YOU can earn 1/- an hour. Full particulars of employment, apply U., 89 Aldersgate Street, London.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded. — Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalton Lane, London.

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BICYCLES 25 5s. Od. CASH, or 15/- with order and 10/- per month. High-grade, honest, and splendidly finished (gold and green lined), two brakes (inverted or roller levers), ball free wheel, first grade tyres, plated rims. Complete with pump, spanners, oil-can, repair outfit, fine plated lamp and bell. Packed in crate (free), carriage paid. Ten days' approval. Four years' guarantee. Write for photo, full specifications, and book of testimonials to the actual manufacturer, George Heaton, "Lion" Works, 50 Moseley Street, Birmingham. No agents. Direct from factory only.

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LETTER-WRITING. — Those who want instruction in letter-writing, from applications for a situation to love letters, or on any business or private matters, should obtain "How Shall I Word It?" by R. M. Dwyer, Send 1/- to C. Arthur G. Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained. — Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stimulation." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men. — Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

MAKE MONEY selling Remnants, Prints, Stuffs, Muslins, etc., by weight; easily learnt; send for guide free. — Cochran's Warehouse, Victoria Bridge, Salford, Manchester.

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LIGNOT Paper Blinds supersede cotton; fine appearance. — Gills, 68, Beckenham Road, Kent.

THE FAMOUS CENTURY Pottery Co. offer unequalled value. Tea, Dinner and Bedroom Services at half usual cost. Famous Guinea Package, Four Complete Services, 21/-. Special value in dainty fluted porcelain Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets. Illustrated Catalogue Free. — Century Pottery Co., Dept. R, Burslem, Staffs.

SPEECHES. — Those to whom it is necessary to make a speech occasionally and find a difficulty in doing so, will find "Speeches for all Occasions," by an Oxford M.A., just the book they want. Post free for 1/- from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. — A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student in "How to Take and Make Photographs," by Olive Holland. It gives you all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Cameras, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negatives, Printing, Mounting, &c. &c. It may be had, post free, for 1/- from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

ASTROLOGY. — Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business. Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to M. Zetia, Cleland, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

BILLIARDS. — How to play the game. If anyone would take "The Game of Billiards and How to Play It," by John Roberts, and play every diagram in succession, he would soon get rid of the monotony of paying for the table. The book may be had, post free, for 1/- from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

CAGE BIRDS. — Those who desire instructions on the keeping, feeding, and breeding of canaries and other cage birds, will find all the information they require in the book "Cage and Singing Birds," by George Gardner, which may be had, post free, for 1/- from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

CYCLISTS. — Free wheels, 16; back rim brakes, 20; front, 15; mudguards, 8d. pair; large carriers, 5s. 1/-; h.bars, 2s. Standard covers, 3s. covers guaranteed six months, 4s.; ditto nine months, 5s.; 12" tubes and valves, 2s.; postage extra; wheels with plated rims, rustless spokes, and Brampton's hubs, 10s. 6d. pair; 1908 list free. — Millward's, 1 Spring Road, Birmingham.

FREE TO STAMP COLLECTORS. — A rare Venezuela Stamp (catalogued 20/-). Mention gift 523. Send 1d. postage. — Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

LADIES—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. Price, 1/- and 2/-; extra strong 4/6. Sample two stamps. — Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

DAIRY POTTERY. — Direct from leading makers, guaranteed finest quality. Special offer to advertise latest design, combination Tea, Breakfast Service with Teapot, comprising 42 pieces in rich flow blue, packed free for 7/6. Our catalogue of latest designs, post free. Home furnishing, four complete sets, 21/-, carriage paid. Presentation sets, from 2/- — Teapot Manufacturing Co. (Dept. K), Hanley, Staffs.

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Coated with gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Prices post free in plain wrapper, 1/- (treble quantity), 2/-, Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 Stockwell Road, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOXAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free. — Sloan-Duploxyan Association, Ramsgate.

ASTROLOGY. — Life Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, changes, etc., accurately foretold. Send birth date, 1/- P.O. stamped envelope. — M. Zetia, 32 Savile Drive, Leeds.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered. — W. P. Powell & Co., Replingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

SMART SUIT LENGTHS. from 10/6 and upwards. Or Stylish Suits made to your own measurements, from 25/6 and upwards. Splendid value, newest shades, all qualities. Patterns free. — Groves & Lindley, 39 Cloth Hall Street, Huddersfield.

ROSES. — Full instructions for the cultivation and care of Roses in order to grow them to the best advantage may be found in "Roses, and How to Grow Them," by Violet Biddle, price 1/2, post free, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

12 POST-CARDS (South African Views) addressed and posted, 3/-. Low, 102 Transvaal Road, Kimberley.

15 DIFFERENT USED CHINESE STAMPS. 6d.; 15 Java, 6d.; 15 Mauritius, 6d.; 15 Siam, 6d.; 12 Morocco, 6d.; 12 Nicaragua, 6d.; Federated Malay States, 1, 2, 4, 8, 10, and 20c. set, 5d.; Hong Kong, King, 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 10, and 20c. set, 3d.; N. Nigeria, King, single CA, 1d., 2d., 5d., 6d., and 1/-, set, 2s. Price list free. Stamps purchased, reasonable prices paid. — James Rhodes, 63 Market Street, Manchester.

ASTROLOGY. — Horoscope of two years' events. Send birth date, 1/- P.O. — Prof. Gould, Butleigh, Whitechapel Road, Cardiff.

FITS CURED—PROOF POSITIVE that Epilepsy is Curable sent post free by Trench's Remedies, Ltd., 33D South Frederick Street, Dublin. Twenty years' success. Over 1,000 testimonials one year.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST

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ABC SAFETY RAZOR 2/6. SOLD EVERYWHERE LAST FOR YEARS. WILKINSON PAULMALL LONDON.

MONTHLY 5/- **12 YEARS GUARANTEE.** **YOU can buy from me ON CREDIT** Triumph, Centaur, Coventry-Challenge, Premier, Rover Swift, Progress, Hunter and Singer Cycles, at pounds below makers and local Agents' cash prices. **£3 15s. cash.** Easy payment terms to suit yourself. **Coventry-made Cycle £3 12s. cash.** Sent on approval. Write for Lists to DAY. **EDWARD O'BRIEN, Ltd.** The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, Dept. 136 COVENTRY.

To Smokers **MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIP IT IS TWICE AS GOOD** **Cigarette AG** **BEST & PUREST** **LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN** **Delicious COFFEE.** **RED WHITE & BLUE** **& BLUE** **For Breakfast & after Dinner.** In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

WANTED!
A blind man who
smokes.

See question 22 in coupon below.

No. 937.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK BATES.

WEEK ENDING JULY 2, 1908.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.



Has London All the Brains?

Opinions Gathered from Big
British Cities.

[In a recent lecture Professor Ramsey Muir, of Liverpool, is reported to have stated that in his opinion intellectual poverty exists in the provinces. He said: "The dominance exercised by London over the intellectual life of the country is monstrous, abnormal, unhealthy: it is positively injurious and mischievous, because it means that London is draining the intellectual subsoil of the kingdom." As will be seen from the following expressions of opinion, most of our civic chiefs think otherwise.]

The LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER

(Quotes a proverb).

I HAVE always been under the impression that the Lancashire people consider that they are not intellectually second to any part of England. In fact, there is a proverbial saying, "What Lancashire thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow."

The MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER

(Thinks London's brains are not home-grown).

LONDON, in that it is the chief consuming centre in the kingdom, may be said to possess a comparative monopoly of brains, as of every other commodity of best quality, but a monopoly obtained by importation, not by home production.

It is in the fertile brain fields of the country districts that the article is produced at its best—it is in London that it commands the highest selling price.

The MAYOR OF PORTSMOUTH

(Claims that his borough leads in literature).

SEEING that the County Borough of Portsmouth can claim intimate acquaintance with such men as Charles Dickens, Walter Besant, Isambard Brunel, Captain Marryat, Jonas Hanway, George Meredith, Conan Doyle, and H. G. Wells, and in the light of recent history of local self-government, I cannot agree to the theory advanced.

The LORD MAYOR OF CORK

(Declares that his city teems with fertile brains).

LONDON's great wealth naturally attracts the best intellect of the country seeking a field for its remunerative employment, but has by no means a monopoly. Speaking for my own city, I believe its population of both sexes teems with fertile brains, which only need the development and stimulus of a good system of University education to justify the title which Cork once rejoiced in, the "Southern Athens."

The MAYOR OF CHELSEA

(Is cautious, but impartial).

BEING a London Mayor, it is not for me to deny that London has a monopoly of brains; but, if I were asked to give my opinion as an impartial man, I should say that Professor Ramsey Muir's statement was much too sweeping.

The LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL

(Clever men are to be found in Liverpool).

It appears to me that Professor Ramsey Muir's opinion has not been well understood and expressed. I have had a long experience of Liverpool, and my

opinion is that there are as clever men to be found in our ranks as anywhere in the world. No one place can claim a monopoly of talent.

The MAYOR OF DERBY

(Gives an emphatic "No!").

INTELLECT centralised. No! It exists in every community, often dormant, but needing only opportunity to exhibit itself to the highest degree.

The LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF

(Provincial conditions improve the quality).

ANENT Professor Ramsey Muir's remarks, I may say that opportunities for the quicker flow of brains may exist in London, but subsoil drainage in the provinces removes a superfluity, and improves the quality of what is left.

The MAYOR OF FULHAM

(Bright, brilliant, and glorious London.)

LONDON's intellectual superiority is indisputable. Science, medicine, law and commerce, physics, and

amusement make London the leading quarters of their chiefs, and absorb all provincial aspirants with avidity, and we hope it may so continue to the end of the chapter. Bright, brilliant, and glorious London!

JOB STILL OPEN.

THE proprietor of a Birmingham restaurant advertised for a cook. The first to apply for the berth appeared to be in every way suitable. But before engaging him the restaurant-keeper inquired if he could give him a tip for the 2.30 race.

The cook's eyes brightened. He whispered a "dead cert," and mentioned that he had five shillings on the horse himself. That was enough. The proprietor gave him a lecture on the evils of betting, and showed him the door. As he went out he saw another man about to enter.

"Are you going to apply for the job?" he asked. "Well, if you are asked if you know anything about racing, say you can't tell a Derby winner from a coster's donkey."

The man took the advice, was engaged, and commenced his duties. Presently the proprietor rushed to the speaking-tube and yelled to the new cook:

"Calf's head one."

Instantly the reply came:

"Did he, by George? What was second and third?"

SHOPKEEPER: "Is there anything else I can send you, sir? What would you say to a piece of this cheese?"

Customer: "I wouldn't care to say anything to it. It might answer me back!"

GREAT MAN HUNT COMPETITION.

£50 IN PRIZES.

Here is a novel form of contest which is both amusing and instructive. It calls for a certain amount of detective ability—which most of you possess. We wish to test your powers of observation and ingenuity, and we shall do it in this way:

Each week, for a few weeks to come, we shall set you the task of discovering various things. The things to be discovered will be found on the coupon which appears each week.

Below will be found a form containing the descriptions of six people whom you have to discover. The first, for example, is a person with a finger on the left hand missing. There ought to be no difficulty in discovering one who answers to this description. When you have found him, get him to write his name and address alongside the description. Get the names and addresses of the remaining people filled up in the same way.

Only one name and address is required in each separate space. Then cut out the entry form and keep it by you until the next one has appeared. Don't send it in to us, the closing date will be announced later. These descriptions are appearing each week for eight weeks. Sign your own name and address clearly in the space provided.

A prize of £25 will be given to the competitor from whom we receive a set of entry forms completely filled up in accordance with the conditions. In the event of no one forwarding a set completely filled up, the prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the most nearly complete lot.

Five prizes of £5 each will be given to the competitors from whom we receive the next most nearly complete sets of entry forms.

In the event of a tie, the prizes will be divided.

MAN HUNT COMPETITION ENTRY FORM.—No. 4.

- 19.—A person with a finger on the left hand missing Name..... Address.....
- 20.—A man over 45, not above 4ft. 8in., who has always been a total abstainer and non-smoker Name..... Address.....
- 21.—A person named Brown who lives at a house numbered 6 Name..... Address.....
- 22.—A blind man who smokes Name..... Address.....
- 23.—A station-master who has risen from the rank of porter Name..... Address.....
- 24.—Twins, over twelve, born on a Christmas Day. (Name of one only)..... Name..... Address.....

I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and conclusive, and I enter only on this understanding.

Competitor's Name

Competitor's Address

Three sets of questions have already appeared in "P.W." Back numbers can be obtained from all newsagents and booksellers.

Be the day weary or never so wet, RHYME-STICKS will make you your troubles forget

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



The Luck Seller

An Amusing Story of a
Village Fair.

By VERNON RALSTON.

It was the first day of Muddlecombe Wakes, and a flood-tide of revelry surged through the little town. Its youths and maidens rode on, and occasionally fell off, revolving horses, till their desire for equestrian exercise was satiated.

Then they sought variety in the Grand Aerial Flight Switch-back, which gave those who were so inclined such good excuse for accidental embracings, that it might justly have been advertised as a matrimonial agency.

Athletic youths paid their shillings to stand up for five minutes to the "Negro Middle-Weight Champion of the World," and were rewarded with honourable scars which were well worth the money. The more mature attended the mock auctions of jewellery, and discovered how easy it was for involuntary motions of the head to be interpreted as bids; or they hearkened to the eloquence of the quack medicine men, till they could feel in themselves countless symptoms of awful diseases, and had to hurry to purchase the one certain cure.

But whilst the Austrian Fat Woman, "patronised by the clergy, gentry, and nobility," as the placard outside her van declared, was doing an enormous business, and the Arab Dentist, whose accent savoured more of Tipperary than of Mecca, drew molars till his wrist must have ached, and the Handless Mexican Dwarf played the piano with his feet in such a style as to suggest that he only needed a decent hair-restorer to become a musical prodigy—yet whilst all these were busy, there was one van which seemed comparatively neglected.

It stood in the best position in the Fair. Crowds were perpetually passing it. People looked curiously at the closed van with the great gilt sign over it, "The Luck Seller"; yet the proprietor apparently was throwing away his chances of custom by not permitting the public to see his wares.

The owner of the Performing Dogs was just remarking to the manager of "The Only Genuine Soudanese Fire-Eaters" that the new showman must be a bit slow to miss the first day of the Wakes when people had a bit of money in their pockets, when the door of the Luck Seller's van opened. A youth brought out a table and placed it on the platform in front. Then he put on the table a huge volume bound in bright red leather. After this, producing a trumpet, the attendant blew a series of piercing blasts.

The passers-by stopped to speculate what the show would be, and soon a rowdy crowd laughed and joked before the van.

A tall old man dressed in a sweeping red robe and a brilliant old steeple hat then came forward. His full white beard contrasted splendidly with his brilliant garments. He stood, calmly dignified, gazing on the crowd till the restless holiday-makers were silent. Then raising his hand to command attention the Luck Seller began:

"Gentlemen, I see before me many laughing, doubting faces. You think that you behold on this platform the ordinary swindler, the usual quack, the common humbug of a country fair—a person who by his quick tongue and ready wit imposes on the weak minds of the community. I am content that you should regard me in this light—content that the finger of scorn should be pointed at me—content that I should be the victim of the vulgar jest. But nevertheless the fact remains, that I am the only Luck Seller in the world.

"What is luck, gentlemen? It is the one thing we all need and few of us get. John Burns, a poor man of intellect and energy, becomes a Cabinet Minister. I see before me men of equal intellect and energy. Why are they not ruling their fellow-men? Because whilst they have everything else they lack luck.

"Sir Thomas Lipton, gentlemen, rose from the proprietorship of a single small grocer's shop to be head of a world-wide business. Why? Industry and intelligence helped him, of course, but without luck they would have been useless. Scores of intelligent and industrious men started in small grocers' shops and are still in small grocers' shops.

"How many poor Scotch boys have emigrated who were Carnegie's equal in brain and energy! Yet why has Carnegie his tens of millions whilst the others are struggling for their daily bread? Whatever you desire in this world—fame, rank, wealth, applause—you may gain it if you have the luck.

"Luck! Luck! Luck! It is on sale here, and yet I predict that none of you will buy. Here is the Register of the Lucky. Is there a man in Muddlecombe with the moral courage to come forward and pay a shilling to have his name inscribed in it?"

"We're not mugs 'ere," interrupted a red-faced gentleman. The Luck Seller drew himself up to his full height, and pointed to the interrupter.

"That very man," he said impressively, "will to-morrow be begging and praying me to sell him luck. I do not ask him to buy it now. I would not sell it him to-day if he went on his knees and besought me to do so. I can wait—my revenge will come to-morrow."

"We'll see," chuckled the red-faced man.

"We shall see. But apart from that, gentleman, is there one amongst you who will risk his shilling on my word?

not one—not a single one? I thank you for your courteous attention, gentlemen. Your opportunity has gone. The Luck Sale for to-day is—"

"Ere," cried a roughly-dressed man, "I'll 'ave a shillin' worth."

The Luck Seller opened his huge red book.

"You were only just in time. What is your name?"

"Job Higginbotham."

"And your address?"

"2, Cherry Garden Street."

"That will do—Mr. Job Higginbotham has purchased from me for the nominal sum of one shilling the best luck I have to sell."

One or two more applicants came nervously forward.

"No," said the Luck Seller haughtily, "to-day the sale is over. To-morrow every one in Muddlecombe will envy the luck of Mr. Job Higginbotham. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

With a dignified bow he retired into his van and closed the door.

"Well," said Mr. Unwin, the landlord of the "Bull," and the cynical person who had dared to interrupt the Luck Seller, "well—of all blamed swindles! Gettin' a bob for nowt. I never saw the like. Aye, Job, a bob 'an' 'is money is soon parted."

Job Higginbotham scratched his head. "Well, I liked the old gentleman's way o' talkin', an' I could do with some new luck. If ever I takes a ferret out o' the country to give the poor beast some fresh air, I gets run in for poachin'."

"Appen my new luck 'll 'elp to give them keepers the slip." The proprietor of the Performing Dogs, who had left his charges to his wife whilst he listened to the opening of the new show, observed meditatively to the owner of "The Grand Aerial Flight," "That ole chap can talk above a bit—if 'e'd jes' kep on 'e'd 'ave drawn a lot in. But jes' as 'e got a 'old on 'em 'e chucked it. 'E didn't keep at 'em. Now many's the time I've made a man come in to see my dawgs 'oo no more wanted to see dawgs; dance than 'e wanted to see rabbits dance. A bit more push an' that ole feller'd make a bit. An' it's all profit. Luck costs 'im nothin'. 'Taint as if 'e'd to feed a dozen dogs."

However, the Luck Seller's van which had closed at six o'clock remained closed all the evening. Evidently the purveyor of fortune meant to keep his word with the public.

The next morning the postman tapped loudly at Job Higginbotham's door.

"Letter for you, Job—'ere you are."

"What's this," exclaimed Mr. Higginbotham, "no one never writes me letters."

"But someone 'as written you a letter," replied the postman.

"Read it for us, mate," said Mr. Higginbotham, "I ain't used to readin' nothin' but newspaper print."

"This was posted in London afore twelve last night," began the postman with the air of one revealing a secret of state. He tore the letter open and surveyed its contents dubiously.

"Ere, what's this—what are they sayin' 'ere," cried the amazed postman.

"That's jes' what I wants to know," answered Mr. Higginbotham.

"It's from Stubling and Manvers, Solicitors, Chancery Lane, London—this is what it says:

DEAR SIR,—From inquiries we have made we have ascertained that you are next-of-kin to Mr. Job Higginbotham who died intestate in 1818, and whose estate, in consequence of conflicting claims, was thrown into Chancery. May we ask you to call on us to-morrow afternoon, so that you may authorise us to make the formal claim on your behalf? Last any temporary inconvenience should hinder you from making the journey, we inclose a five pound note to cover any expenses you may be put to. The value of the estate and accumulations is about £40,000.—Yours sincerely, STUBLING & MANVERS.

"And 'ere's the five pun note, Mr. Higginbotham," said the postman respectfully. "The letter did ought to 'ave been registered see'n it contained vallerbles, but I shan't mention it as it's you—anyone else'd 'ave to 'ave paid on that letter."

"What's this 'ere died intestate?" inquired Mr. Higginbotham.

"One of them internal complaints same as the King 'ad," explained the postman. "My word, Mister Higginbotham, you'll be ridin' in your carriage afore the week is over."

"Suppose it's someone 'avin' larks," said the fortunate man dubiously.

"Come over to the 'Bull,' Mr. Higginbotham," said the postman with a total disregard of his duties. "If that note's a good'un you're all right. Folk don't give away five pun notes for larks."

The landlord of the "Bull" surveyed the note carefully and said, "It's all right this, but where did you pick it up, Job?"

Mr. Higginbotham proudly laid the letter before him.

"Good 'eavens," cried Mr. Unwin, "it's your luck come."

"Aye, I never thought o' that," cried Mr. Higginbotham; "ere, Mr. Unwin, change us this note. I'm standin' drinks to everybody. Gimme the biggest pot you 'ave i' the 'ouse. Say, what's yours, Postie? 'Ave a quart if you want it 'an' a good cigar—don't you be shy—'ave a fourpenny 'un."

Half an hour afterwards the postman returned to his round and the news of Job Higginbotham's luck began to spread like wild-fire. A crowd of acquaintances rushed to the "Bull" to shake the lucky man by the hand and to partake of his somewhat profuse hospitality.

By the time he rose in a somewhat muddled condition to catch the eleven o'clock train for London most of the five pounds had literally been liquidated. Job literally left all that remained to be spent in drinking his health, and the landlord readily advanced another five pounds for his expenses.

"You must go first-class, Mr. Higginbotham, an' 'ave a cab to the station. A gentleman i' your position must travel i' style."

After a jubilant crowd had seen Mr. Higginbotham off, and sung "For he's a jolly good fellow," at the station, with one accord, everybody turned towards the fair-ground. A notice was pinned on the van of the Luck Seller "Sale will begin at two o'clock prompt."

A struggling, seething mass of humanity soon gathered before the van. The Performing Dogs were neglected, the Fire Eaters were left so forlorn that it seemed they would have to subsist on their igneous diet alone, the hobby horses were only patronised by infants, and the Mexican Dwarf played his footless fantasias to vacuity.

As the clock struck two the van-door opened, and the Luck Seller came out.

There were wild shouts, "Put my name down first," "Ere's the shillin'."

The Luck Seller held up his hand for silence.

"What does this crowd mean? Yesterday only one man wished to buy. To-day you are tumbling over one another in your eagerness. What is the meaning of it all?"

There were loud shouts of "Job Higginbotham—forty thousand pounds."

"Oh, that is it. I am glad that the gentleman who confided in me has received his reward so quickly—a pretty little fortune is £40,000. I wish for his sake it were larger. Is he here? Oh, gone to London—I must reserve my congratulations till a later day. Ah, yesterday, when you all thought me a humbug, he had faith. He believed me—you didn't. Now I tell you that I am a humbug, an arrant fraud, an impostor. Do you believe me? No, you never will believe me. Then come and buy luck—luck—luck. Half a crown for luck—the best luck was sold yesterday for a shilling. Come and pay half a crown for the luck that's sold to-day."

The landlord of the "Bull" had fought his way to the front and was the first to have his name entered on the register.

The Luck Seller smiled contemptuously. "Did I not tell you yesterday that you would be buying to-day?"

Mr. Unwin was not disposed to argue the point. "Ere," he said, "if it's not as good luck as you're sellin' to-day, I'll give you a quid for eight lots—that ought to make me better off than Job Higginbotham anyhow."

"Greedy—greedy," said the Luck Seller sadly, but nevertheless he entered Mr. Unwin's name eight times in the register.

Then when the landlord went away to puzzle his head with calculations of what his future fortune would run to, the crowd fought to get near the Luck Seller. It was three hours before the sale of luck was over. There was a pile of gold and silver on the table which made the mouths of other showmen water. At last the stream of money stopped and the Luck Seller announced "The Sale for to-day is over," and retired.

Buyers went home to discuss with their wives whether they should get motor-cars or whether after all a horse and trap wouldn't be safer. The most fashionable dressmaker's was crowded with ladies bespeaking new costumes. Some happy couples went out in the evening to survey eligible houses which were to let. A slight difference of opinion between Mr. and Mrs. Ruffums, as to whether it would be best to buy the Grange or rent the Rectory, resulted in the former being removed to the lock-up, whilst the latter received treatment at the dispensary for black eyes and various contusions.

Still, in spite of occasional domestic differences, Muddlecombe was full of glee and joyful anticipation of the morrow. And yet the Luck Seller, presumably because he was a modest man and desired to avoid the gratitude of crowds, when the church clock struck twelve harnessed his horse to the van and drove rapidly away into the night.

The advent of the postman the next morning was eagerly expected. By an unfortunate coincidence the most enterprising draper in Muddlecombe had chosen that day for sending out his sale circulars. Consequently the postman had to call at nearly every house. People rushed out to meet him and snatched the circulars from his hand. It would be difficult to say whether the obliging postman or the enterprising draper was the most unpopular man in Muddlecombe that day.

However, people placed their trust in the future and thought of Job Higginbotham in London gathering in the money.

It was three days before Mr. Higginbotham returned. He did not motor from London as he had promised his fellow towns-folk. In fact, owing to stress of circumstance he returned afoot. On inquiring at the firm of solicitors in Chancery Lane they had repudiated all knowledge of the letter or the five pound note. So with great presence of mind Mr. Higginbotham had the spree of his life on the money he had borrowed from the landlord of the "Bull," and when his money was exhausted he had walked home.

He was just explaining his adventures to a rather gloomy crowd, and the landlord was ruminating on the fate of his five pounds when the postman entered. With a severe, non-committal air, as if he had no knowledge of its contents, he handed a postcard to the landlord.

"Aye, what's this?" cried the startled publican.

The postman took the card and read it aloud,

MR. DEAR SIR,—On the first day of my sale I sold good luck—Mr. Job Higginbotham, who bought a five pound note for a shilling, will, I think, admit this. But through pure absent-mindedness I omitted to announce that on the second day I was selling Bad Luck. Didn't you buy a pound's worth? Good bye—I wish that I could say au revoir. Yours sincerely, The Luck Seller.

TEACHER: "What is velocity?"

Pupil: "Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

HE (vainly): "See that sweet little girl in pink? I was engaged to her the whole of last summer."

Stranger (eagerly): "Very glad to hear it. I am the lawyer she's commissioned to sue you for breach of promise."

When you patiently sit on the rather damp steps of an occupied bathing machine,—



WHAT is a runaway? A runaway is a narrow passage in big wild beast shows, such as that of Mr. Frank C. Bostock at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court, which leads from the cages of the animals to the arena where they perform.

The dens of the wild beasts are on each side of this narrow passage, and the doors, when they are opened, completely close off the remainder of the runaway, so that it is impossible for an animal to get past and escape.

In the runaway, the trainers and their assistants are called upon to face death almost daily. The driving of the animals from their dens through the narrow passageway into the arena, and then back again after the performance, is always attended with risk.

Many things are liable to happen at any moment. The animals might start to fight amongst themselves; now and then an ugly customer will refuse to go into his cage; while the least forgetfulness on the part of the assistants might mean that the wrong doors are thrown open and strange animals are suddenly let loose.

Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that a trainer is, generally speaking, fairly safe in the arena where he has plenty of room to move about. It is in the runaway, behind the scenes, that most of the accidents occur, and the public consequently hear very little of them.

AT ARM'S LENGTH.

Captain Bonavita, who up till recently performed with a group of twenty-seven lions in the Bostock show, relates many thrilling escapades in the runaway.

On one occasion he was driving back a group of sixteen lions to their cages when the electric lights suddenly went out. This was a fearful predicament. Owing to the hubbub which immediately ensued in the building, it was impossible to make anyone hear, and even had he done so, it would have taken a very brave man to go into a dark runaway where several lions were roaming at large.

As it was, the trainer did the best he could. He kept swinging about him the heavy club he had in his hand.

He knew that as long as he could do this he was comparatively safe, provided the lions did not spring. After he had kept the swinging up for a few minutes the end of his club came in contact with something soft, followed by a fierce growl, and he realised that he had struck a lion on the nose, which had crept up close to him.

His arms were beginning to ache terribly, but he determined to sell his life dearly, and swung the clubs more vigorously than ever. In a second or two he again struck a soft substance, and things began to look ugly. If the lion should attempt different tactics and spring, there was nothing to save the man.

Just as he was about to give up and take the consequences the lights suddenly came on again, and disclosed a lion in the very act of preparing for a spring. The sudden glare of the lights, however, and the appearance of the trainer standing there with his club, appeared to confuse him, and Bonavita, taking full advantage of this, hastened the animal into its den.

FOUGHT TWENTY-SEVEN LIONS.

Perhaps this trainer's narrowest escape occurred while attempting to separate his twenty-seven lions which had started to fight in the runaway.

They had gone through their evolutions in the arena peaceably enough, and were being driven back to their cages when one of them started a fight with another lion.

In a very few minutes the whole twenty-seven lions were fighting madly in the narrow passage with one man amongst them, for whom at that moment they had nothing but supreme contempt.

The trainer did his best to separate them, and took some desperate chances, for the lions were only too ready for something to fight; but it was all in vain. He shouted orders to them, called them by name, fired blank cartridges, and, when he had exhausted his voice, cartridges, and strength, could only take refuge behind one narrow board, on which he had luckily had a handle put only the day before, and do his best to defend himself.

This board was not wide enough to cover him, and he had to guard himself carefully, as several lions were trying to get at him through the little space which was left at one side.

All he could do was to shift the board constantly, but among so many it was small wonder that at last one of the lions got its huge paw in and tore the trainer's coat and flesh from his chest. It was a miracle the man escaped with his life. The battle lasted for just upon an hour, and it took nearly another hour to get all the animals back into their cages again. Several were badly bitten, and a large amount of

sewing and patching had to be done by the veterinary surgeon. A week elapsed before some of the beasts could perform again.

At an animal show at Richmond, Virginia, a month or two ago the audience suddenly heard four revolver shots. They were told that it was a signal for the trainer to get ready and were apparently satisfied. It was the signal, however, that someone was in deadly peril in the runaway.

What had happened was this: A lady who performed with five lions had obtained permission to appear before her time, and another trainer, not having been notified of the change, had let a group of mixed animals into the runaway at the same time as the lady had let loose her five lions.

It was not long before the animals started growling viciously, and it was at this moment that the shots were fired. Instantly, there was a rush of men to the runaway. Two other trainers, with commendable pluck and at great risk, climbed over the backs of the lions, and got in between the advancing hostile groups. Shot after shot was fired, and the two bands of animals were driven back in opposite directions.

The utmost confusion prevailed, but, had the brutes been given a moment to follow their natural impulses, there would have been a terrific fight, in which the trainers would probably have been torn to pieces.

TRAPPED LIKE A RAT.

A newcomer to one of the big animal shows once had an experience that nearly cost him his reason. He had been warned never to enter the runaway alone, but one day did so while the animals were being exercised in the arena.

He had reached the end, and was just turning round, when he heard the animals coming back. He could already see one lion, and, panic-stricken, he flew into one of the empty cages, closing the wooden door and holding on for dear life. There being no exit in front, he was caught like a rat in a trap.

Meanwhile, the lion trainer was vexed to find the door closed. It was necessary to drive the lion beyond the cage, which meant that he would probably go beyond it another time and cause annoyance, if not actual danger.

When the man inside the cage begged the trainer to save him, the trainer understood, but it also complicated matters. The lion, attracted by the man's voice, instantly returned, only to be driven back, for now he must be kept away from that door at all hazards.

The trainer shouted that he would drive the lion to the end of the runaway, and then the man should slip out and run for his life, while the trainer would do his best to keep the lion back. This was done with difficulty, for the lion was puzzled, and wanted to get into his cage. Finally, it was accomplished, and the trainer shouted to the man to be quick.

But the fellow had lost his nerve, and when he opened the door and saw the lion comparatively close, he promptly went back. This was hard on the trainer, for the lion was beginning to resent being kept in the corner of the runaway.

To make matters worse, the men in the arena, thinking the first animal must surely be in, turned others into the runaway, and the trainer had the sensation of knowing that, in addition to the angry lion in front of him, three others were at his back.

It is in such predicaments as these that trainers have to think quickly and act promptly. Shouting to the men to open the gates into the arena, he called to the imprisoned man to keep his door closed. With a sharp crack of his whip he forced the other animals to return, and, with his back to the side of the runaway, managed, by a dexterous turn of his whip, to hit on the flank the lion he had been fighting.

With a wild bound the lion flew past, and then the trainer, having them all in front of him, drove them back into the arena. When the animals were safely in he returned with other trainers and rescued the man, whom they found huddled in the cage, sobbing hysterically and nearly insane from fear.

"WHY, Tommy, how you do grow!"

"Yes, auntie. I think they water me too much. Why, I'm bathed night and morning!"

FATHER (eminent stockbroker): "With the flow the sea rises, my boy. With the ebb it falls."

Son (a chip of the old block): "Then would be the time to buy, wouldn't it, daddy?"

GUEST: "Why do you believe in second sight, Major?"

Major Darby (in an impressive whisper): "Because I fell in love at first sight!"

"MISS ETHEL is a long time coming down," said the youth to the servant, after waiting some time for the young lady's appearance. "Perhaps," he added, with a laugh, "perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not."

"No," said the servant, with an icy smile, "it isn't her mind she is making up."



To have one's name brought favourably before the public is not always an unmixed blessing. To be well-known brings in its train a number of troubles, more or less great, of which the man in the street can have no idea.

One of my greatest trials at the present moment is my formidable letter-bag, which is steadily increasing in size. It is the daily despair of my secretary and myself. Of course, it is very nice to receive letters, but they pour in upon me in a volume that is out of all proportion to the replying capabilities of even the most ardent letter-writer.

First of all, there are begging letters pure and simple. Letters asking me to send money in various amounts, from small sums to quite substantial cheques, to people I never heard of before, and who have absolutely no claim on my consideration. It is terribly painful to receive these letters, for some of them are so pathetic. They show what a lot of sorrow and misery there must be in the world.

It is so difficult to refuse help, but what can one do? If I had the income of twenty millionaires, I would very soon have become a bankrupt through helping all those who write to me and ask me to send them money. I have to refuse them all; or, rather, I have to ignore them.

DUNNED BY DEADHEADS.

Distance seems to have no deterring effect, for, even while I was in America last winter, people wrote to me all the way across the Atlantic, from all parts of Europe, begging for money.

Another tiresome sort of correspondent is the man, or, more often, the woman, who wants me to send tickets for the opera. I am not exaggerating when I say I could fill Covent Garden Opera House with the people who write asking for free seats.

Of course, it is very gratifying, very flattering, to know that all those people want to hear me sing. But it is quite impossible that I should fill the theatre with what you in this country call "deadheads." The expression, I think, is quite good.

Only the other day a lady wrote quite a long poem and sent it to me. I was immensely pleased and flattered, until I noticed in one corner the inevitable request.

"If Madame Tetrassini likes the poem, perhaps she will send the writer some opera tickets." Please observe the suggestion of lavishness in the phrase: "some opera tickets."

And, oh! how very rude they are when they find that I do not send the tickets they want. Some of the letters I get in this connection are really most unpleasant, and the same applies to the people who write asking for money. I think it is really very unkind of them, for nothing would give me greater pleasure than to send them all the money they ask for, and all the opera tickets their hearts desire.

WHY SHOULD PEOPLE TRICK ME?

My most serious trouble, however, is with the people who send me all sorts of things that are absolutely useless to me; things I never asked for, and do not want, from jewellery to woollen goods.

One morning someone living in a town in the provinces sent me a pair of knitted cuffs, such as children sometimes wear. They were of no use to me, of course, and I treated the matter as a joke. But after a little there came a bill for these cuffs, which the sender valued at £5! To say I was amazed but feebly expresses my feelings.

That is only one instance of this sort of trouble, and, I assure you, it is no exceptional case.

Even more troublesome are the people who send me jewellery. I have learnt to be very cautious with those parcels, and my secretary always gets some of the officials at the hotel to witness the contents of the parcels of jewellery that are sent to me unasked.

But at first there was all sorts of trouble. One firm sent to me a pair of earrings, which they valued at £50, but which turned out to be quite common glass. Then they tried to blackmail me. They said I must have changed the earrings, putting false stones in place of the real diamonds!

Someone else sent me a small handkerchief trimmed with a bit of quite common lace. They told me it had belonged to Marie Stuart. Of course, it was quite as worthless as some "old masters" an art dealer wanted me to buy.

It seems to me as though a number of people had set themselves to trick me.

As I say, to be well known to the public is no light matter. It entails an amount of worry and annoyance and anxiety that would scarcely be credited by those who have not actually experienced it and suffered under it as I have done.

Luise Tetrassini



In Praise of the Nose

The Sense of Smell Is More
Valuable than that of Sight.

WOULD you rather be eyeless than noseless? Suppose, in other words, that fate gave you the choice between losing your sense of sight and your sense of smell, which would you decide to abandon?

Nine people out of ten would reply that they would infinitely prefer to lose their power of detecting odours than be blind. The choice would be a less wise one than it sounds.

People are so accustomed to take the sense of smell for granted, that they hardly notice its usefulness. Nevertheless, they use it, as a matter of fact, every instant of their waking lives, and even while asleep—when the eyes, being closed, are useless.

Introduce a bright light into the bedroom of a sound sleeper, and he will not stir; but the "burnt tin" smell of a burglar's dark lantern will interrupt his dreams and wake him, when not a ray from the said lantern is visible.

Since the habit of smoking became so universal, men have dulled, to some extent, their nasal sensitiveness; but to this day many scientists will tell you that the nose is a more vital organ than the eyes. They prove this amazing theory by demonstrating how a blind man can often distinguish the persons in a room solely by the sense of smell, can tell the direction of the wind—and, through it, his geographical position in an unknown country—by the sense of smell, feats which no man who possessed his eyesight alone could perform.

Mr. H. G. Wells recently advanced the axiom, in one of his stories, that, if a man with perfect eyesight were put in the midst of a nation all of whom were blind, the former would be at an enormous disadvantage; in fact, he would become the blind men's slave.

CHEMISTS MUST HAVE NOSES.

Dr. McPherson, writing on what he called "The Miracle of Smell," states that a trained chemist can often rely more on his nose for information as to the analysis of a substance than on any of the most delicate chemical tests, whose results are, of course, only visible to the eye.

Oil of cloves can be smelt, by a skilled druggist, when diluted in 88,000 parts of water; and the odd effluvia of prussic acid can be detected when in a solution of two million parts of water.

No chemical analysis could detect this, because the results of the chemical analysis would be too faint to be seen by the eye. In other words, given that a detective-chemist had to discover whether a certain substance contained prussic acid—one of the favourite poisons used by murderers—he would do it more readily if he were blind than if he were noseless.

Thus, even the nose of civilised man is often more valuable to him than his eyes; and how much more does this apply to the savage, who has not damaged his olfactory nerves by smoking? The natives of Peru, as many travellers have recorded, can tell in the darkest night whether a stranger who is approaching them is a European or a negro, or an American Indian.

A moment's reflection shows that this means that every individual (without regard, by the way, to his personal cleanliness!) is surrounded by a sort of cloud of miraculously minute scent-particles, genuine particles of actual matter, capable of entering the nostrils and titillating the olfactory nerves. The nose "sees" these particles; to the eye they are never visible even under the most powerful microscope.

KEEN ON THE SCENT.

The extraordinary smallness of these particles will be understood when we consider the fact that a tenth of a grain of musk will for years on end scent a room in which it is kept in contact with the air, and, when subsequently weighed, will be found not to have diminished in size.

In the animal world it is, of course, plain that the loss of the nose means death, when the loss of the eyes would merely mean inconvenience. Plenty of old dogs are blind, yet can go out walks with their masters, and even hunt for game. A dog hardly ever uses its eyes alone to distinguish between its master and a stranger.

The late Dr. Romanes made some amazing experiments to prove the power of smell in common dogs. One of his own terriers could track him through the Bank Holiday crowd in a London park, solely by distinguishing between the scent of his boots and that of the hundreds of other pairs of boots which had touched the ground since he passed.

When he glued brown paper to his boots, the dog could not follow him; but, as soon as the tiniest hole was worn in the paper, it picked up his trail at once. Dr. Romanes even found that his dog could track him over ground previously "confused" by multitudinous tracks, crossing to and fro, of aniseed scent.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MULLAHS.

EVER since the beginning of the now constant troubles in India, a good deal has been heard about the Mullahs.

A Mullah, or, as it is more properly written, Mollah, is a title given in India, and throughout the East generally, to a religious leader of any description.

Thus, the Sultan of Turkey is a Mollah, because he is the supreme head of the Moslem world. The hostile Somali leader, who caused us so much anxiety between 1901 and 1905, and whose name occasionally crops up even now in the daily papers, was also a Mollah. And there are hundreds of others.

To most of the more conspicuous amongst them we prefix the adjective "mad." This, however, must not be taken to mean that they are insane, the word being used rather in its Oriental signification of "inspired."

The influence wielded by the Mollahs, who are now stirring up against us the border tribes of Afghanistan, is enormous. Clad in their sacred robes, bearing aloft the green standard of Islam, they go up and down the valleys shrilling the Mohammedan war cry, and woe be to him who refuses to heed.

The person of the Mollah is sacred. True, the Amir the other day was reported to have ordered that any of them caught preaching the jihad (holy war) should have their tongues torn out. But if he really issued such an edict—which is extremely doubtful—it was merely meant for European ears. Not even the mighty Habibullah himself would dare to lay a sacrilegious finger on one of these saintly personages. If he were to venture such an unheard-of thing, vengeance would surely overtake him. For it is the cardinal principle of the Ulima—as the Mollahs are collectively termed—that an injury purposely caused to one of their number can only be atoned for by the death of the individual inflicting it.

Have You Twiddled the Rhyme-sticks?

Rhyme-sticks are little pieces of wood, each piece having six sides. On each side there is a line of verse. As there are eight sticks in the box this makes forty-eight lines of verse.

This is what you have to do. You have to construct an eight-line verse out of them—making it as bright and smart as possible.

When you have completed the eight-line verse to your satisfaction, copy it out on the form given you with the puzzle and send it in. Should you decide to send in another verse, you can use the form below, under the conditions you will find in the box.

The whole of the entrance fees received (less ten per cent.) will be divided amongst the competitors whose verses are considered by the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* and Mr. G. B. BURGIN to be the cleverest and most original.

The full conditions are supplied with each puzzle. We guarantee that the total amount of prize money divided shall not be less than £100. It may possibly be many thousands.

Get a box of Rhyme-sticks to-day. They are on sale at all newsagents, and booksellers, and bookstalls. The price is sixpence, and, apart from the opportunity of winning a big prize, you have a clever puzzle which will entertain you and your friends for many hours.

P.W. COUPON.

RHYME-STICKS COMPETITION.

CLOSING DATE:—September 30th, 1908.

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In entering for this Competition I agree to abide by and accept the decision of the Editor.

Name

Address

Murder from the Dock.

Exciting Scenes in Courts
of Law.



GOODNESS only knows what would happen to English police or warders who were careless enough to permit a prisoner to come armed into the dock. Such a case has never occurred. At least, not of a man bringing lethal weapons into the dock.

In other countries they are not so particular in their searching, and the results have at times been tragic to a degree undreamed of.

The worst case of the kind occurred only a few weeks ago at the Indiana city of Terre Haute (pronounce this, please, "Terry Hut"). A prisoner found guilty of arson suddenly whipped out a revolver and fired from the dock at the sheriff, the head of the town police, who had been the principal witness.

The unfortunate man fell dead, and the prisoner emptied his revolver into a group of other witnesses, wounding no fewer than five. By that time the police had drawn their own pistols, and the murderer fell dead, riddled by four bullets.

A similar outrage occurred in Paris on May 22nd last. Only here the assailant was not a prisoner, but the unsuccessful plaintiff in a case involving the ownership of three-quarters of a million francs.

His intended victim was his lawyer, who, he believed, had lost the case for him. He fired straight at the advocate's head, but his aim was, luckily, as bad as his temper. He missed the man, and smashed a plaster cast of a female figure representing the Republic.

STORMED THE BENCH.

Those present in the court at Bendigo, the gold city of Australia, on February 25th, 1903, were treated to a most exciting scene. A prisoner convicted of cattle stealing suddenly shouted, "Sooner than go to gaol, I will cut my throat," and, snatching a great knife from a hidden pocket, he slashed at his throat.

He inflicted three fearful cuts before the police could reach him, and even then fought savagely till he fell, exhausted with loss of blood. He died later in the prison infirmary.

Two convicts named Wimmer and Trinkl caused a fearful panic in the Vienna Criminal Court one day in November last. Tried for burglary, they were found guilty, and the judge pronounced sentence, "Three years' hard labour and detention in a penal colony."

The words were hardly out of the judge's mouth before Wimmer, shouting, "I won't take that," hurled himself out of the dock, closely followed by Trinkl, and made a rush for the bench.

The two were climbing the balustrade when a policeman pulled Trinkl down. But Wimmer snatched the policeman's sword and struck out viciously.

The crowd in court ran for their lives, crushing in panic through the door. But four policemen came rushing forward. They struck down Wimmer, and disarmed him, and he and Trinkl were carried, yelling, from the court to the cells below.

Even our own courts are not free from regrettable incidents. An old woman, an habitual drunkard, once flung a rotten egg at Judge French, missing him by only an inch or two.

ASSAULTED WITH PENCE.

At Westminster Police Court a somewhat similar thing happened. The prisoner, a sturdy, sullen-looking man, was accused of a series of violent assaults, and the gaoler had just described him as one of the worst ruffians in Westminster, when the man seized a handful of pennies from his pocket and hurled them furiously at a witness who stood near.

He was in the very act of leaping out of the dock when a couple of officers seized and held him, in spite of his struggles. It was said that he had taken seven policemen to bring him to the police-station, and that he had lamed one of them with a kick on the knee-cap.

Women prisoners are sometimes even worse to handle than are men. A stout, copper-haired woman, who is well known at Clerkenwell Police Court as an habitual drunkard, usually sings when put in the dock.

"You can't keep me quiet;
If you do, there'll be a riot"

is a favourable ditty of hers, and her boast is true.

Perhaps the most extraordinary scene ever witnessed in any court of law was when Carlos Waddington, son of the Chilean Chargé d'Affaires at Brussels, was tried for the murder of Balmaceda, his father's secretary.

Maitre Bonnevie, counsel for the prosecution, made a speech so savage that the prisoner's self-control at last gave way, and he screamed, "You coward! You coward!"

Instantly the whole court was in an uproar. Women wept, men yelled insults at the lawyer, the rival counsel jumped up and danced with rage. The judge cried in vain for silence, and finally ordered gendarmes to clear the court.

TAKING NO RISKS.

SAID an editor to a new reporter, "You must never state a thing as a fact until it has been proved to be so. You will land us in libel actions. Do not say, 'The cashier who embezzled money'; say, 'The cashier who is alleged to have embezzled the money.' That's all. Oh, by the bye, do something about the Mayoress's reception this afternoon!"

The young man heeded the editor's warning, and this is the "par" he handed in:
"It is rumoured that a reception was given yesterday afternoon by the Mayoress to a number of reputed ladies of the City. It is alleged that the generally-accepted wife of our worthy Mayor, the so-called 'high-class grocer,' was attired in accordance with what is in many quarters assumed to be first-class style!"

BRIEF, BUT CRUSHING.

HE was very badly in love, indeed, and had sat up till the "wee sma' hours" composing the following lines:

"Beautiful one, with eyes so blue,
Oh, how my fond heart sighs for you;
Sweet spirit, listen to me now,
Hear once again my ardent vow."

He turned out about three yards of this soul-inspiring verse, and sent it to the object of his adoration with a request that she would express an opinion on its merits. This is what he received:

"Dear Mr. Hopkins," she wrote, "I do not like to hurt your feelings, but if you will read the initial letters of your first four lines downwards I may say that they express my sentiments exactly."

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

THE doctor eyed the patient gravely, and then solemnly addressed the fearful mother who was in attendance.



"I regret, madam, that your son is suffering from a severe concussion of the brain."

A gleam of satisfaction flitted across the lady's face.

"Ah, my bonnie boy!" she exclaimed

with pride, 'Won't his father be glad to hear that!'

ALL SHE WANTED.

HE had been courting a girl for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"Tom," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Mary; and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied, in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution, than I."

"Well, Tom, I want you to do something really heroic for me."

"Speak, darling! What is it?"
"Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

THE REST WAS SILENCE.

THE bald-headed man with four days' growth of beard on his chin entered the barber's shop, and sat down in one of the operating-chairs.

"Shave, sir?"
"No!" growled the man in the chair. "I want to be measured for a suit of clothes."

"This isn't a tailor's shop, sir."

"What is it?"
"It's a barber's shop."

"What work do you do in this shop?"
"Shave men and cut their hair, sir."

"Do you think a man with no hair on his head would come here to have his hair cut?"

"No, sir."
"Then, presuming me to be a sane man, but bald-headed, what would you naturally suppose I came for?"

"For a shave."

"Then why did you ask me if I wanted a shave when I took a seat in your chair? Why didn't you go to work at once? If some of you barbers would cultivate a habit of inferring from easily ascertained data, instead of developing such wonderful conversational powers, it would be of material aid in advancing you in your chosen vocation, and of expanding your profits. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man, as he began to lather the customer's face in a dazed sort of way. And he never even asked him if he wanted brilliantine on when the operation was performed.

WHY HE LEFT HER.

By the sad sea waves sat Angelina and Edwin, the ardent youth breathing his passionate vows into his adored one's willing ear.

"Dearest," he said, "I could sit here beside you for ever. Nothing, nothing in this world shall ever part us."



Suddenly he beheld a figure approach. His face turned ghastly pale. "Alas!" he cried, "I must go. Please—please do not

ask me why, for the horrible secret must remain for ever locked in my bosom!"

With these sad words he left her—to face the minstrel troupe collector alone.

SUFFERING beneath the razor of an incompetent barber, a gentleman signalled to the operator to halt. "Yes, sir?" inquired the barber, inclining his head.

"Give me gas!" said the customer.

NOT WORTH THE CANDLE.

Now once on a time (it was some years ago)

In a very high-toned seminary,

Two damsels there dwelt—we'll call one of 'em Flo,

And we'll christen the other one Mary.

They were chums; neither one of them, strange to relate, Ever tried with the other to bicker.

Thick as thieves, I might say—well, I'll venture to state Treacle pudding could never be thicker

When they let down their dresses and put up their hair, And left school to enter Society,

If one girl you met, sure the other was there— Of friendship they knew no satiety.

They both fell in love on the very same day,

And from that moment neither was happy;

For, by an unlucky coincidence, they Both worshipped the same lucky chappie.

And now, should they meet, each a scornful lip curls; And another regrettable feature

Of their painful estrangement is, each of the girls Refers to the other as "creature!"

But the bone of contention who caused this pow-wow

Has shed all the glamour that clad him,

And the charmer who managed to marry him now

Just wishes the other one had him!

"THE village boasts a choral society, does it not?" inquired the visitor.

The resident shook his head.

"Boast," he said, "is not precisely the right word. I should say rather that the village endures a choral society with manly resignation."

MUCH TOO HASTY.

A LITTLE boy stood by the side of a pond weeping bitterly.

"What's wrong?" said kindly Constable X Y Z.

"My b-brother—"

"Eh, what," gasped the policeman. At that moment his eye caught sight of a hat floating in the lake.

With visions of Humane Society Medals and awards, the gallant constable plunged into the water.

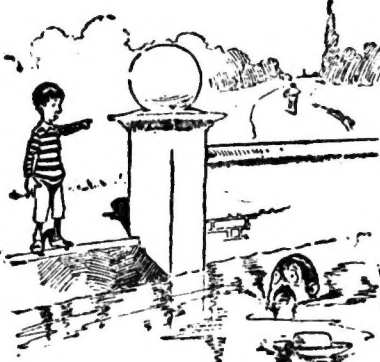
But no drowning boy could he find.

"Is this the spot where your brother fell in?" panted the heroic bobby.

"N—No. That's him yonder," replied the weeping boy, pointing to an urchin disappearing in the distance.

"Then why did you tell me he fell in here," roared the irate policeman, as he swam to the side of the pond.

"I didn't. I wanted to tell you that he threw my hat in, but you didn't wait to listen to me."



UNSELFISH.

"Now, that is one of the most pathetic things I have ever seen," said the rich and benevolent gentleman who, on a recent scorching hot day, stood with a friend watching a typical London street-arab. "You see, the ice-cart has been delivering at that shop, and the poor little chap has annexed a piece from the gutter. Now, you and I, who can get a refreshing drink whenever we require it, cannot imagine what a luxury that piece of ice is to that boy. Here, my little lad, here is a penny. Get yourself a glass of lemonade. You must not eat that stuff. It will make you ill."

"I wasn't going to eat it," said the grimy little chap. "Farver's a'ving a sleep at 'ome, an' I was goin' to drop it down 'is back!"

SERIOUS FOR ONCE.

AN Army captain, on returning home from India, brought with him a goodly stock of souvenirs. Among them was a pair of laughing jackasses, which he entrusted to one of the sailors, Tom Pinch.

Alas! The unaccustomed shipboard life did not agree with the creatures, and, in spite of all Tom's care, they pined and finally died.

When he discovered the catastrophe, Tom was in despair.

"I daren't tell the captain!"

"Don't shirk it, mate," said his pal. "Broak it to him gently. You'll find it'll be all right."

The advice seemed sound, and Tom sought the gallant captain.

"Scuse me, sir," he said, "you know them things below—what you call larfin' jackasses? Well, sir, they ain't got nuffin to larf at this morning."

ON THE WAY.

A GENTLEMAN who hailed from Australia went to St. Andrews for a three-months' holiday. He had but a faint idea how to play golf. Engaging a caddie, he proceeded to go round the course.

When driving from the first tee, he knocked his ball about five yards, and after this he could not take drive without lifting turf.

His caddie, becoming irritated, said—

"Hi, sir, whar did ye learn to play golf?"

The gentleman replied—"In Australia."

"Well, sir," was the retort, "if ye gang on in the way ye're daein' ye'll soon be hame."

STUPID FELLOW.

STUBBINS's wife came into the room where he was sitting. She was twisting herself around in the effort to look at the back of her new blouse. By the tense line and bulging aspect about her lips he knew that her mouth was full of pins.

"Umph—goof—suff—wuff—sh—ffspog!" she said. The brilliant sally caused him to look up.

"Yes," he said; "it looks very well."

"Owf—wuff—so—gs—ph—mf—ugh—ight!" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he said; "but, still, it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped, and emptied the pins into her hand. Then she said with asperity:

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light," she said. "Can't you understand plain English?"

THEN IT STRUCK.

SNOOKS is nothing if not self-opinionated, and it is his tremendous belief in his own abilities that has made him what he is—chief salesman in a small draper's shop.

He was having his usual summer holiday. Glorious golf appealed to him irresistibly. So he hired a set of clubs, and hied him away to the links.

But his first drive was almost his last, however; for, while Pat Murphy meandered along the road, he suddenly found himself minus his hat, which had been knocked off by a golf ball from a fine drive by the aforesaid Snooks, who, assuming an apologetic expression, hurried towards Pat.

"Are you hurt? I am awfully sorry, don'tcherknow. But why the dickens didn't you look out?"

"And what did I know about lookin' out?" replied Pat. "How did I know the ball was comin'?"

"Why, I called 'fore,'" explained the player, "which is a signal for you to get out of the way."

"Sure, that's it, is it? Well, whin I say 'foive' it's a sign that you're goin' to git punched in the eye."

"Foive!"

Picked Pars.

Something like a Paper Boat.

Captain George W. Johnson has rowed from St. Augustine, Florida, to Norfolk, Virginia, in a boat made of newspapers. He hopes to proceed in his strange craft to New York.

Jumped into Matrimony.

An ancient Northumberland marriage custom—the placing of a stool in the churchyard for the married couple to jump over—has just been observed at Belford.

An Eye-opener.

John Miller, of Phillipsburg, who had been blind in one eye for thirty-three years, touched a live wire by accident the other day. When he came to himself, he found that the sight of the eye had been restored.

Where the Walders Ring.

Three generations of the Walder family at Bolney take part in ringing the bells of the parish church on Sundays. The senior member of the group, Mr. George Walder, has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday.

Proud and Haughty.

Sir Frederick Bridge, speaking at Evesham College, said that when he was in America he had to clean his own boots. "You can put them outside the door of your room," he said, "but they will not get polished—you cannot get American servants to do anything."

\$2,000 for the "What Is It?"

Messrs. Barnum and Bailey have cabled an offer of £2,000 for the "What Is It?" animal which Mr. Bostock is exhibiting in the "jungle" at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

Can't get Fat by Fasting.

Succi, a professional fasting man, has been given a place as nurse in one of the hospitals outside Paris. He told an interviewer recently that professional fasters can no longer grow fat on the proceeds of their profession, and that he was only paid £20 for a recent fast of one month.

Nothing like Leather.

A translation of a French newspaper article states that in certain districts of Australia horses are now shod with leather instead of iron, the feet thus receiving better support. This novelty is employed only in regions where the ground is permanently covered with grass or fine sand.

Peevish Sculptors.

Two French sculptors, M. Carls and M. Barreau, both of whom have made busts of the French President, came to blows outside the Salon the other day. M. Barreau lay in wait for M. Carls, whom he nearly stunned with a blow on the head, and M. Carls broke his stick over M. Barreau's back.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

No Room for the Versatile.

"We must eliminate the type of student who takes short-hand, wood-carving, electric lighting, and Esperanto in successive years," declared a speaker at the conference in London of teachers in technical schools.

Goodman, but Rash.

Threatening to keep their husbands away from the services, a deputation of angry wives has demanded a retraction from the Rev. S. Goodman, of the Men's Church, Atlantic City, U.S.A., who recently said: "Woman is a creature who cannot resist the commands of curiosity."

Have a Poison?

The Russian Duma commission on the drink question has reported in favour of removing the Imperial Eagle from the labels of vodka bottles and substituting a skull and cross-bones, denoting poison, with appropriate warnings against over indulgence.

Makes Masterpieces.

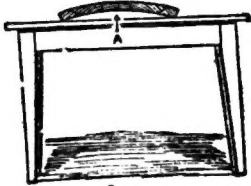
A picture dealer named Johann Gernert has been arrested in Munich on a charge of forging pictures wholesale. Munich is the headquarters of the "industry," and forged pictures to the value of £60,000 are said to have been sent to England and America from the town during the past two years.

Picture Pars.

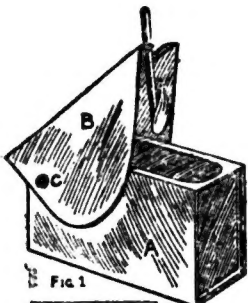
See Our
Special Offer.

MAKING IT STRAIGHT AGAIN.

To straighten a warped board might sound rather a difficult operation to anyone unacquainted with the correct method of setting to work. It is, as a matter of fact, extremely simple. All that is necessary is to damp the hollow side and then lay it down on a table or flat surface as shown in the picture, placing a heavy weight on top. In a short time it will be found that the timber is quite straight.



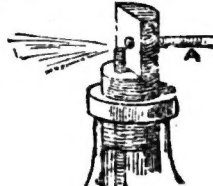
DODGING THE WIND.



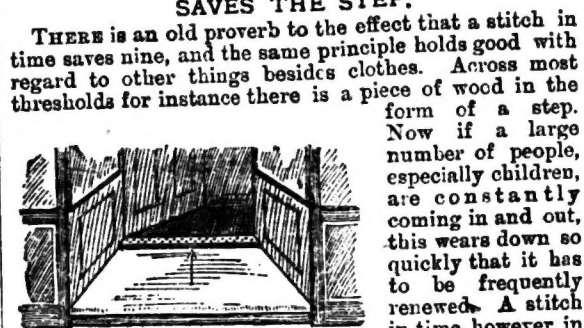
It is distressing to think of the number of matches and heated remarks which have been wasted by smokers owing to the wind. The illustration shows an ingenious form of match-box which will enable a light to be obtained even in the gustiest weather. It consists of a tin case A, which is sufficiently large to hold an ordinary box of safeties. B is a bonnet which works on a stud at C. To obtain a light, the bonnet is raised as in figure 1, and the match is struck and left in the slot. Figure 2 shows the bonnet closed.

HOW TO MAKE A SPRAY.

ANYONE who is in need of a small spray, and suddenly discovers that there is not such an article in the house, can easily construct one for himself. The cork that fits into the neck of the bottle should be cut in the fashion shown in the illustration. Then a couple of quills should be inserted in the manner pictured. By blowing through A it will be found that one can distribute the liquid contained in the bottle in the form of a fine mist.



SAVES THE STEP.



THERE is an old proverb to the effect that a stitch in time saves nine, and the same principle holds good with regard to other things besides clothes. Across most thresholds for instance there is a piece of wood in the form of a step. Now if a large number of people, especially children, are constantly coming in and out, this wears down so quickly that it has to be frequently renewed. A stitch in time, however, in the shape of a pennyworth of hobnails, will render it practically wear-proof. The nails should be hammered in all over about an inch apart, and the householder will be saved all subsequent expense.

Pars about Cricketers.

H. C. Pretty (Northants).

IF Dr. H. C. Pretty could spare the time to play county cricket regularly he would probably soon be among the most dangerous batsmen in the kingdom.

In 1907 he played only seven innings for his county, one of them being a most brilliant "knock" of exactly 200; while last season he had an average of over twenty-one for eight innings, including a finely hit seventy-eight.

And hitting is undoubtedly Dr. Pretty's forte. He is not by any means a wild slogger, however, but a scientific, quick-footed biter of much the same stamp as V. F. S. Crawford or Hayes. The ball mostly leaves his bat at a great pace, but the majority of his shots are so "safe" and so well kept down that he gives few chances to the field.

He can also bowl a most useful ball on occasions, and his fielding is quite first-class, especially at cover, and he swoops down on the ball with a peculiar sweeping motion.

He played for Surrey on several occasions some years ago, and he is one of the very few cricketers who have scored a century on their first appearance in first-class cricket.

C. H. B. Llewellyn (Hampshire).

JUST at the moment there is perhaps no more brilliant bat—certainly not among left-handers, anyhow—in the country than C. H. B. Llewellyn, the little Hampshire professional.

His "front of the wicket" play is superb and wholly delightful. Swinging the straightest of straight bats, and always on his toes ready for a drive, he is an uncommonly difficult man to bowl a good length to. Anything overpitched at all is instantly smashed to the boundary with tremendous force; the well-pitched ball is played hard and true through the covers or past mid-on; and the "short one" hooked away to leg. Fast stuff, medium stuff, and slow stuff, all seem to come alike to him, and the only thing that bothers him much is the "off theory," for his shots through the slips are inclined to be somewhat uncertain.

In the field he is very smart and quick, indeed; while he

is an excellent left-hand bowler of the Rhodes-Blythe type. His efficiency with the ball is not what it once was, however—a state of affairs for which overwork during the last few seasons is no doubt largely responsible.

Llewellyn is a South African, and toured here as an amateur before becoming attached to the Hampshire staff.

L. G. Wright (Derbyshire).

AMONG first-class cricketers of the day L. G. Wright, the ex-Derbyshire captain, must assuredly hold the record for "long service," seeing that this is his twenty-fourth season as a county player.

But, despite the fact that so much of his life has been devoted to cricket, Mr. Wright, who holds a responsible position in the accountancy department of the Midland Railway, can boast that he has practically never lost a day's work through the game. He has "made up" the time spent in the field by working at night and taking his yearly holiday in "bits."

Of his crickering skill it is not necessary to say much, for, although he has not quite found his form so far this season, his merits are well known to most followers of the game. He is a fine, free bat at his best, while his fame as a fielder at point will go down to posterity with that of Dr. E. M. Grace and M. A. Noble.

Mr. Wright is immensely popular in Derby, and was recently the recipient of a public testimonial there.

C. L. A. Smith (Sussex).

C. L. A. SMITH must surely up to the present be regarded as one of the most brilliant disappointments of county cricket.

He is obviously a very good bat—a much better bat than his averages hitherto would suggest—yet somehow he has failed to "make good," as the Americans have it. He usually makes one century each season, as well as several other excellent scores, but for a player of his merits he far too frequently stops short in the twenties, or thereabouts.

A Few Facts about Well-known Players.

Why this should be so it is difficult to say, but probably lack of self-confidence has something to do with it. However, as he is only twenty-eight, he may yet easily achieve that position which his ability certainly entitles him to.

In the field, he is splendidly quick and accurate, and much of his work, especially at mid-off or extra-cover, could not possibly be bettered. He can also take a wicket or two with his slowish bowling on occasions.

Mr. Smith, who was educated at Brighton College, might have made a big name for himself as a footballer if he had only cared to.

E. L. Wright (Oxford University and Lancashire).

IF E. L. Wright plays against Cambridge at Lord's in this season's battle of the Blues it will be his fourth appearance in the annual fixture.

This, if not exactly a record, is at any rate a somewhat unusual experience for a "Varsity" cricketer, and points to well-sustained excellence from practically the first day he went "up."

Certainly this is so in Mr. Wright's case, and, although the old Winchester boy is not a bat of any great and outstanding merit, he is an eminently useful man to have on a University side, where steadiness and experience count for so much.

Last season he captained the Dark Blue eleven, and, despite the wet wickets which were so much in evidence during the early part of the summer, had a good average of twenty-six.

Mr. Wright, who frequently assists Lancashire during the Long Vacation, is also a fine footballer, and last season he was one of the famous Oxford trio of half backs—E. Foster (the present cricket captain) and K. R. G. H. who helped the "Wolves" to win The Cup, being companions.

All original illustrated paragraphs sent in and accepted before June 30th, will be paid for at the rate of five shillings each. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

TWIXT GALLOWES AND VICTIM.

ROBBED OF £60,000.

Told by HENRI PIERRON.

Mr. Pierron, the celebrated criminal lawyer, continues his reminiscences of the sensational trials with which he has been associated. He has already told the thrilling story of the Muswell Hill tragedy, for which Milsome and Fowler paid the last penalty. This week he relates the history of the Parr's Bank robbery.

WHO STOLE THE NOTES?

FEW more sensational crimes of the kind have ever been recorded than the great robbery of notes from Parr's Bank, in Bartholomew Lane, London, on January 23rd, 1899.

The theft took place somewhere about the luncheon hour. Between twelve and one o'clock the chief cashier went out, leaving £100,000 in Bank of England notes in an unlocked drawer in his desk. At three o'clock £60,610 worth of these notes were discovered to be missing.

Instantly all was excitement and confusion. The huge, heavy doors of the establishment swung to, and the hundreds of employees found themselves, for the time being, close prisoners.

Meanwhile, the City police had been notified, and a number of detectives were quickly on the spot. These proceeded to search every member of the staff, as well as every hole and corner of the interior of the big building.

These proceedings lasted until midnight, but they were entirely without avail. The notes had vanished as utterly, apparently, as though they had never been. But how? This was the question that puzzled everybody. No one in the employ of the bank remembered to have seen any suspicious character about. Yet a gigantic robbery had undoubtedly been effected.

Moreover, the thief was proved, by one little circumstance, to have been in a desperate hurry. The stolen notes were of various values, ranging from £1,000 down to £5. To separate these different denominations, slips of cardboard had been inserted crosswise in the drawer in which they were. Several of these slips were missing. The inference was obvious. The robber, in grabbing the notes, had also taken away with him, probably quite unwittingly, these cardboard partitions.

This much came out; but very little more. The bank authorities were most reticent, refusing all information to Press and public alike. Even the police, it transpired afterwards, were afforded but little assistance. Late on the night of the robbery, Mr. Disney, the manager of Messrs. Mullens and Bosanquet, solicitors to the Bankers' Association, issued a list of the missing notes, with the numbers. A reward of £1,000 was also offered for their recovery. But beyond this, little appears to have been done.

CLUE FOUND IN MAGAZINE STORY.

All sorts of wild theories were started by the public, it even being suggested, and that not from one quarter only, that the bank had stolen its own notes. Of course, the statement was so perfectly idiotic on the face of it, as to carry with it its own refutation.

Meanwhile, it may be interesting to mention that amongst the hundreds of letters that appeared in the daily papers, nearly every one of them urging some fresh theory on the notice of the authorities, was one which did actually contain the clue to the mystery. It was written by an anonymous correspondent, and pointed out that in the current issue of NOTES AND GOLD, a magazine circulating amongst bank clerks, there appeared a story, in which the robbery, as it actually happened, had been almost precisely foretold. Even the amount of the notes supposed to have been stolen—£60,000—approximated with startling accuracy to the sum actually missing. The conclusion of the story was that the theft had been committed by a dishonest clerk, who, overcome with fear and remorse, was urged thereby to make restitution in an exceedingly roundabout and ingenious fashion.

Less than forty-eight hours after the appearance of this letter, two very sensational developments took place. One was the return of £40,000 of the missing notes to the manager of Parr's Bank, under extraordinary circumstances; the other was the finding, in a lavatory in the basement of the bank building, of the missing cardboard partitions, which had been used in the first instance to divide the stolen notes according to their values.

Now, this discovery took place on January 26th, three days after the robbery. The lavatory in question had been thoroughly searched on the 23rd, and the pieces of cardboard were certainly not there then. It followed, therefore, that some employee of the bank's must be the culprit; the only alternative theory, and that, obviously, a quite untenable one, being that the thief, if an outsider, had returned to the bank, after having got clear away, for the express purpose of depositing the tell-tale pieces of cardboard where they were found.

The method adopted in returning the £40,000

followed very closely on the lines of the story mentioned above. The thief had inclosed them in a brown paper parcel, which he had addressed to the bank, and posted in the ordinary way. The notes were of the higher denominations only, thirty-six £1,000 ones, and eight £500 ones. It need scarcely be pointed out that the successful negotiation of stolen notes of such magnitude as these presents difficulties that for all practical purposes are insuperable.

The announcement of their recovery was made in a most dramatic fashion during the annual meeting of the shareholders at the Cannon Street Hotel. The chairman, Mr. Cecil Parr, had just referred to the loss they had sustained through the robbery, when a messenger, wearing the bank livery and waving aloft a big, official-looking envelope, was observed pushing his way to the front. Mr. Parr paused in his address, took the envelope from the messenger, opened it, and at once announced that two-thirds of the stolen money had just previously been received by post at the bank. It transpired afterwards that accompanying the returned notes was a letter, in which the writer explained that he was making restitution on behalf of a friend.

WHAT HAPPENED AT NEWMARKET.

The next scene in this extraordinary drama opens, some three months subsequent to the robbery, on Newmarket Heath, where a young, well-dressed man is betting freely. There is nothing remarkable in this. Men, even young men, go to Newmarket to make bets. What, however, drew several pairs of eyes upon this particular youth was the fact that he was so obviously a greenhorn. He knew nothing whatever about the jargon of the ring. Everything had to be explained to him. He even, in the innocence and simplicity of his heart, took lower odds than the "bookies" were openly offering.

Of course, "the boys" gathered round, silently and unostentatiously, but none the less determinedly, marking him for an easy prey. Before the day was out he was the poorer by some £900, all in Bank of England notes. Part of this large sum he lost with "the broads," that is to say, playing cards. But the major portion was secured by people who gave him tips and kindly volunteered to make bets for him.

Amongst these "kind friends" was a certain Westley Richards, who secured from the "mug" three £100 notes. With one of these he attempted, next day, to pay a small account, which he had long owed to a Strand tailor.

The tradesman, who had probably not had any very great hopes of ever seeing his money again, was not unnaturally quite pleased. He would have cashed the note himself, had he been able. But he had not sufficient change. So, in the end, he dispatched his assistant in a cab to the Bank of England, Richards going with him.

Arrived there, the latter—evidently thinking that he might as well kill two, or, rather, three, birds with one stone—produced the other two notes, and asked that they also might be exchanged for gold. The cashier, however, did not seem in any particular hurry to accede to the request, although to all appearances it was a perfectly legitimate and natural one.

"ONE OF THE BOYS" IN TROUBLE.

Not but what he was quite nice and polite about it. In fact, he was too polite, even going to the extent of inviting Mr. Richards to walk into an inner office and take a seat. But that astute individual, to use his own vernacular, "was not having any." He promptly made a bolt for the door—to find himself in the arms of a policeman.

The three notes were part of the proceeds of the great bank robbery, and Mr. Westley Richards found himself in the awkward position of being charged with having feloniously received them, well knowing them to have been stolen. Against this charge, it fell to my lot to defend him.

It was not an easy task. To begin with, the defendant's past record was greatly against him. He was "one of the boys," and every racing man, as well as many who are not, will realise what that means.

Then, again, he had, by his own account, got possession of the notes in a manner about which the less said the better. He had, too, when about to be arrested, let fall the words, "I thought they were wrong 'uns," a most unfortunate expression, showing that he had had suspicions all along regarding them.

Nevertheless, I did not despair. There was, luckily, no lack of money for the defence, although Richards himself was a poor man, living in common lodgings at Islington. But his "pals" rallied round him in his trouble, and I soon had plenty of evidence available to show that his version of how he became possessed of the notes was the correct one, and that, as a consequence, he could not reasonably be presumed to have known that they were stolen.

Of course, the numbers of the notes had been circulated amongst the bookmakers. But I was able to prove that this amounted to very little, for no bookmaker could possibly carry on his business if he had to be continually referring to lengthy lists of notes stolen from all sorts of institutions and individuals, some of them, perhaps, months previously, some of them years.

The police were, however, very loth to let Richards go free, laying great stress upon the fact of there having been found upon him, when arrested, several "Bank of Engraving" notes. These are used by men of his class to "flash" on racecourses and elsewhere, in order to give the "mugs" whom they seek to entrap the idea that they have plenty of money at their disposal.

This fact, I need scarcely say, was perfectly well known to the authorities, and, although the "flash notes" had really nothing whatever to do with the charge brought against my client, it will be readily understood that his being in possession of them was not calculated to help the defence.

WESTLEY RICHARDS' GRATITUDE.

The case came on three separate times at the Mansion House Police Court, the presiding magistrate at the time being Sir Alfred Newton, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Arthur Gill, who, by the way, has recently been appointed metropolitan magistrate, was instructed by the Bankers' Association to prosecute, and I am bound to say he did his level best. But it was of no use. Sir Alfred, a most painstaking magistrate, decided at the close of the third hearing that there was no case to go before the jury of receiving the three notes, knowing them to have been stolen, and Richards was discharged.

He then wanted to bring an action against the Bank of England to compel them to redeem the notes, but I advised him that he would most certainly fail. He did, however, eventually bring such an action through another solicitor, and lost it, precisely as I had foretold.

Richards was very grateful to me for the efforts I put forth on his behalf, and he sent me several clients, most of them members of the fraternity to which he belonged. My last meeting with him was somewhat out of the common. I had been at a race meeting myself, and had won a fairly large sum of money. This fact did not escape the notice of certain rough-looking customers, who, I presently discovered, were closely following me.

The situation was not a very pleasant one. Dusk was coming on. The journey to town was a long one. I began to grow nervous.

At this juncture, who should I see, a little distance from me, but Westley Richards. I walked quickly over to him, and explained the situation. "All right, Mr. Pierron," he exclaimed cheerily, "I'll see you through!"

MORE MISSING NOTES RETURNED.

And "see me through" he did. A nod from him dispersed the little knot of rowdies who were lying in wait for me, and he and I returned to London together. When I arrived there I wanted to recompense him for his trouble, for I could see by his attire, as well as by his general bearing and demeanour, that he was hard up. He, however, would not hear of it, and, when I pressed him, he was offended, saying I had done him a good turn he should never forget. A short while afterwards I heard that he was dead.

With the acquittal of Richards, my connection with the Parr's Bank Robbery ended. It may not be uninteresting, however, to briefly refer to what followed.

For some time thereafter nothing more was heard of the stolen notes. Then several of the smaller ones came to hand at the Bank of England, having been cashed quite innocently, and always, in part, at all events, for value received, by various people living in and about London—a jeweller in Regent Street, a publican at Dalston, a postmistress at London Fields, and so forth.

On February 8th, 1900, too, Parr's Bank itself was treated to a second pleasant surprise, of a similar nature to the first one, nearly £20,000 worth of the missing notes being returned to them inside an old pass-book, which had been dropped surreptitiously into the pass-book box, and there found by a clerk in the ordinary course of his duties. This was over a year after the robbery had been committed.

Six months later the thief was arrested. He proved to be a man named Goss, and, as had been suspected, an employee of the bank. Or, at least, he had been an employee at the time of the robbery. Nine months or so afterwards he had given notice to leave, saying that he was going to get married to a lady with money. Apparently, his story did not arouse any suspicion, nor was any attempt made to verify it even, and that he was captured at last was due more to chance than to anything else. He made full confession, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Of the £60,610 he stole, he voluntarily returned £59,400, and out of the remaining £1,210 he lost £900 at Newmarket on the eventful day that preceded Westley Richards' arrest. So that all he actually made by his colossal crime was a paltry £310.

One curious feature about Goss's offence is that he

With RHYME-STICKS in one pocket, some money in the other, and a fortnight before you, it will be your fault if you don't enjoy yourself.

went out of his way to commit it, without being driven to it in any way. This, I may say, is not in accord with what usually happens in such cases. Bank clerks are amongst the most honest of any class in the community. They have to be, in point of fact; they are surrounded by so many restrictions, subject to such an elaborate system of check and counter-check. But, apart altogether from this, they are drawn almost entirely from a class amongst whom strict integrity is a valued tradition, a much-prized heritage.

It follows, therefore, that the criminal bank clerk is, as a general rule, to be pitied, rather than blamed, in that he is either led into crime, or driven into it. Most frequently it is the latter. Take, for example, the case of the unhappy Goudie, the Liverpool bank clerk, who absconded in November, 1901, leaving defalcations behind him to the amount of over £160,000.

He was no "criminal," if we use the word in its real, and only true, sense. On the contrary—I speak from personal knowledge—he was a well-meaning, good-natured, straightforward young fellow. But he was weak. He got into the hands of a dangerous set of racecourse sharpers. And from that moment his fate was sealed. He simply had to thief, in order to temporarily shut the mouths of the ineffable scoundrels who had him in their clutches.

There are people—women as well as men—who prowl about London with the express object of getting into their power bank clerks, and young men holding similar trustworthy positions. Too frequently, far too frequently, they succeed. And then—well, Heaven help the victim.

Cases of this kind seldom come into court. Nor does the public hear of them. But I make bold to say that there is not one criminal lawyer of standing, and sufficient length of practice, that does not know of many such.

COMPOUNDING A FELONY.

The youth is summarily discharged, his life blasted ere it has well begun. Relatives and friends come forward, and make up between them the amount of his defalcations, often at the price of ruinous sacrifices to themselves. Whereupon, the bank "kindly" consents not to take proceedings.

Compounding a felony? Of course. But what would you? The interests of shareholders are paramount in business concerns to-day. I wish I had a five-pound note for every case of felony that will be compounded in the United Kingdom between now and this time next year. I should, I am convinced, be able to increase my bank balance by a four-figure total, at least.

This, however, is by the way. What I was going on to say is that it is not alone men of the social standing of bank clerks that are made cats-paws of after the fashion indicated above. The evil extends both upwards and downwards, through all walks of life, to all who have access to money or money's worth.

One such case I particularly recall. It referred to no less a personage than a colonial bank manager. He had got into the hands of blackmailers, had embezzled a very large sum of money in order to meet their demands, and, when exposure seemed imminent, had made a bolt for it.

Naturally, the Government of the colony wanted him back. They communicated with Scotland Yard, intimating that he was "believed to be in England." But no photograph of him was available, and beyond a vague personal description of a tall, fair man, there was nothing to help the police. Incidentally, however, it was stated that he had often spoken of having a friend living in a certain suburb of London.

This was a slight enough clue. Nevertheless, to the locality in question, there was dispatched a detective-inspector, with a subordinate to assist him. For months nothing resulted from the most careful and painstaking inquiries. But while pursuing his investigations the officer had noticed a tall, fair, full-bearded man meet a young lady at a certain place on several evenings. They were evidently lovers. With the exception of being tall and fair, however, there was nothing to connect the man with the one who was wanted.

But the inspector's suspicions were aroused, and he followed the unknown home one night after he had parted with his lady friend. Careful inquiries revealed that he had been living there for about the period the absconded man would have been in England, that he had no occupation, and was reputed to be of independent means. The name he was known by was not that of the wanted man, but, of course, that meant nothing.

He was shadowed during the day, and it was ascertained that he occupied his time in a simple, quiet manner, reading and strolling about. He appeared to have no friends except the lady. She, herself, was next shadowed, and was found to be a highly respectable young woman, holding a professional appointment. She occupied apartments, and the detective noticed that there was a card displayed in a fan-light over the door, which showed that other rooms were to be let in the same house. He presently called, ostensibly to look at them with a possible view to renting them. He went in the day-time, when he knew the lady would be away at business.

He wanted those on the ground floor, but the landlady explained that these were already let to a lady who was then out. Those she had to let were on the first floor. The detective looked these over, but pretended to prefer very much the ones on the ground floor, although these latter, the landlady informed him, were not such nice rooms, and were consequently let at a lower rent. Still, the detective pressed his point. The ground floor he must have, or nothing. Did the landlady think, he asked, that the young lady would be willing to change into the first-floor rooms, provided she got them at the same rent as the ones she now occupied, he paying the necessary extra amount for the ground-floor rooms to make up the difference to the landlady?

DETECTIVE'S 'CUTE MANŒUVRE.

The landlady was not certain, of course, but thought it extremely probable. Meanwhile, would he look round the sitting-room on the ground floor, which he thought of taking? she asked. The landlady was sure the young lady would not object.

"Yes," he said, "he would." And he did. The room was nicely furnished, with many pictures on the walls. But what attracted the detective's attention were two portraits, one of them being unmistakably that of the bearded man, the other that of a person whom he thought to somewhat resemble the bearded man, but taken when he had a clean-shaven face.

The detective presently left the house, intimating that he would return in a little while with a friend who was intending to share the rooms with him, and to whom he would like to show the sitting-room before finally deciding. The "friend" was a man who had recently arrived in England, and who had known the fugitive some years before. No sooner had he seen the two photographs than he pronounced the detective's suspicion to be absolutely correct. They were portraits of the same man, and that man the wanted man.

The officer's task was then an easy one. Going to the spot where the lovers usually met, he waited a short distance away until they appeared, when he walked hurriedly by, and in so doing knocked against the man, apparently accidentally. The man turned round, and the detective began to apologise, but stopping suddenly in affected astonishment, exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Jones, who would have expected to see you here?" The man looked at him, and said, "I don't recognise you." "Don't you?" answered the detective. "Surely you are Mr. Jones? I used to meet you when I was in M—. You were then at Brown's bank." "Yes," said the man, "that is so." "I thought I was not wrong," answered the officer. "I am a detective-inspector from Scotland Yard, and I hold a warrant for your arrest."

TWO MEN HANGED THROUGH A WOMAN.

As the young lady threatened to make a scene, a cab was hurriedly called, and all three got in. She was put down at her address, and Mr. Jones went away with the officer, and was ultimately sent back to the colony whence he had fled. Where he first made the acquaintance of the lady, or whether she was the friend he used to speak about, was not ascertained. She came to the court on one or two occasions while the extradition proceedings were in progress, and I could see that she was evidently very greatly upset at the abrupt and shameful conclusion to what had obviously been for her an exceedingly happy courtship.

I once acted for a woman who was the means of sending two men to the gallows. One of these men was her husband, the other was her husband's friend and her lover.

It was the old, commonplace, everyday story to begin with, and I did not for a moment foresee its terribly tragic ending. A man had married a woman who was evidently of somewhat light character, one on whom the vows of matrimony did not press very heavily, and, perhaps, the same may be said of the man. They had quarrels, which necessitated appearances before magistrates. Ultimately, they separated to go their own ways, and of these ways, as in the majority of such cases, the less said the better. He

met another woman, and kept house with her. She entered on a life of familiarity with one of her husband's friends; and, strange though it may appear, all the parties continued their friendship.

But the husband was of a violent temper, which his lady-love did not endeavour to soften, and things began to go badly with them. Quarrels were frequent, and ended in his brutally murdering her. He was duly convicted, and, while lying under sentence of death, the wife and her lover went to see him. He, however, would only see his friend, saying that his present position was more or less due to her, and that, had she behaved herself as a wife ought, they would still have been together, and he would never have known the woman he had killed.

"SHE WILL RUIN YOU."

The two men discussed old times, and the husband asked how his wife was going on. The friend could not give a very satisfactory account, and the husband shook his head, and said: "Well, George, I could never manage her myself, but I hoped you would have been more successful with her; take care, or she will ruin you as she has ruined me." The friend replied that he thought he could get along all right with her, and the two men shook hands and parted. The husband was in due course hanged.

Within three years his friend was in the dock, also on a charge of murder. He had become enraged by some alleged act of frailty on the woman's part, and, after complaining to a mutual friend about it, went to the woman and warned her that her conduct would, if persisted in, make him do something which would prevent her ever again holding up her head in public. Angry words followed. A blow was struck. This happened in a public-house bar. The man left her, went straight home, and callously murdered their only child, a girl of four or five years of age.

Then he sought out the woman, boasted of what he had done, was arrested by the police, and presently hanged. When under sentence he recalled the warning of his old friend, her husband, and said, "I never thought it would come to this, but he knew her better than I did when he warned me against her."

I should imagine that there are exceedingly few women in this world to-day who have had such an unenviable experience of husband and lover as she has had.

What eventually became of her I do not know for certain, but rumour had it that she settled in another district of London, and lived there quietly and unostentatiously, under circumstances which led the neighbours, whose knowledge of her was gained only from what they saw, to describe her as "a respectable married woman."

(Mr. Pierron continues his reminiscences next week.)

"Did papa smile on your suit?"
"Smile? He roared."

"ONE half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," declared a notorious lady scandal-monger.

"That isn't your fault," quietly observed one of her auditors.

SOME ROTTEN ROW SENSATIONS.

THE sensation created in Rotten Row the other day by the appearance there of a horsewoman attired in the new Directoire dress, was quite a tame affair by comparison with that occasioned at the same spot in 1853 by a disciple of the late Mrs. Amelia Bloomer.

The lady, young, slim, and debonair, cantered up and down the "lady's mile" on a fine bay gelding, clad in correct "bloomer" costume—short skirt and loose trousers gathered closely round the ankles. Naturally, she was followed by a large and ever-increasing crowd, which presently grew threateningly hostile, so that the police felt compelled to interfere and escort the fair dress-reformer to her hotel.

Another Rotten Row incident, which was the talk of society some three years previously, was the boycotting—as it would now be termed—of the Austrian General Haynau by practically the whole of the regular riders then in the habit of using the fashionable equestrian thoroughfare. Immediately he appeared with his suite, all, or, at all events, nearly all of them, promptly cantered off. The reason for this studied insult to a distinguished foreign visitor, was the odium he had brought upon himself by his cruelties—notably the flogging of women—during the Hungarian revolution of 1848.

Perhaps, however, the most curious episode in the history of the "Row" was the driving of a water-cart from one end of it to the other, during an afternoon in the height of the season, by a certain young nobleman of a sporting turn of mind. He had wagered he would "drive down the Row," a proceeding which is ordinarily, of course, strictly forbidden, and he succeeded by adopting the ruse indicated above.

The Park officials had got wind of what was to be attempted, and had made up their minds to prevent it. But they were on the alert for something smart in the way of dog-carts, and consequently they allowed the harmless-looking water-cart to pass unchallenged.

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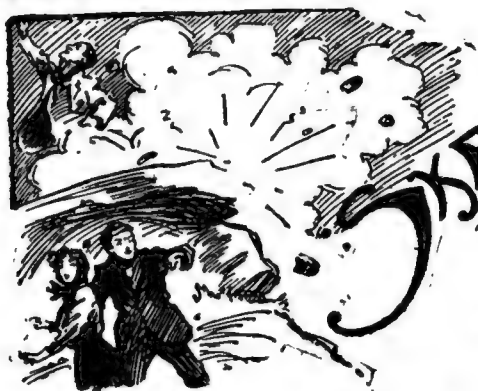
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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



SKELMERSDALE'S REVENGE.

A Powerful North Country Story.

By FRED G. PALMER.

MARY LYDIATE was the prettiest girl in the factory, prettiest in a neighbourhood celebrated for beautiful women. Jack Halsall, who worked at the same factory, was her lover—her acknowledged lover, that is, for she was admired by many, amongst whom was Bob Skelmersdale, a collier in the White Rose mine.

A great, hulking, drunken fellow was Bob, who usually got his own way by sheer bullying. Many were the men he had injured, some permanently, with his clogs. Once he had suffered nine months' imprisonment for kicking a man to death.

"Ay, that's mooch ta severe," said his mates. "Nahin moonths for pooncing yon chap. Why, if he had got Bob dahn, he'd same as kicked him; but Bob's tougher, and wouldn't ha' deed of ut."

Such a man as Bob Skelmersdale was mightily angry when he found that Mary would have nothing to do with him. If he pestered her she told him to get away off and talk to the pit-brow lasses, who liked him, and not to worry her.

"Jack, lad," said Mary one morning as they were hurrying along to the factory, "tha knoas I went hoam alone last neet, cos tha was working late. Well, just as I was turning aht o' White Rose Lane Bob Skem. caught up ta me and I couldn't shake him off. He came reet hoam wi' me."

"Flame him!" cried Jack passionately. "Ah'll smash th' face o' th' chap in if he moiders thee, lass. Ony last week Ah towid him to let thee be. He wadna do ut if Ah was beheend him."

"Oh, man Jack," she whispered in alarm, catching his hand and looking up into his fine, dark face, "don't 'ee get quarrelling wi' th' chap; you mind poor old Jacob Lunt as Bob poonced to death."

"Ay, Ah mind him; but Ah can take fer ker o' masen, lass. Ah'm not a wakeling like poor owld Jacob. But ther, ther, lass, tha must not worry thasen; tha's far ta pretty to have any troubles. Buttlee oop, Mary! Ther, that's the way; gi' us a kiss, ther's nobody in seet."

A few evenings after, as the lovers were strolling through the wood, Jack had a great sorrow to tell. His racing whippet, Betsy, had been poisoned.

"Tha knoas, lass, Ah niver let her aht wi' aht her muzzle on, for fear o' summatt happening; but my Brother Bill, he opened gate o' th' entry, and Betsy skipped aht into street. Then some devle gave her summatt."

"Jack, I bet thee a shilling that's Bob Skelmersdale's dirty work. My mother same as overheard him say he'd do for Betsy and you as well. Oh, Jack, lad, do, do take ker o' thasel."

Grieved though he was over the loss of his valuable dog, Jack speedily comforted his sweetheart.

On the next evening, it was Saturday, Jack went into the Cross Keys for a drink and a chat with the lads, and as he entered he saw Bob Skelmersdale with several of his cronies, all more or less intoxicated. Jack gave a polite "Good even," ordered his beer, and sat down on the bench beside a couple of his mates. Skelmersdale whispered to his little gang, and they burst into a hoarse roar of laughter.

"Mahity fahin goings-on, mates, sesta? So Ah shud thenk. We ain't prahd i' th' village, but wen chaps and lasses pretends to be same as saints, 'tisna reet to be dahn i' th' wood o' Friday neets. Ah seed en masen. Seemed used to it, they did."

This whole speech was so obviously levelled at Jack Halsall that his friends fully expected him to remonstrate; but he, remembering how his Mary had begged him not to quarrel, remained silent. Finding that insulting innuendo had no effect, Skelmersdale proceeded to make definite statements. Still Halsall made no move. At last his enemy lurched across the bar, and, seizing Jack's beer-mug, drained the contents. That put the finishing stroke to it, and Jack sprang to his feet.

"Tha's a dirty-mahinded whelp, Bob Skelmersdale, and tha knoas it's all lees you've been telling, same as tha knoas who p'isened my Betsy. Tha's a dirty, bullying lear, and has been trying to injure th' lass cos she'd be nowt to thee, small blame to her. Smoke that!"

Furiously Bob Skelmersdale hurled the beer-mug at his opponent's head, but Jack dodged it and slipped through the door. In a trice the bar was empty and a ring formed on the cobbles outside.

"Jack," whispered a bystander, "luke aht wen he butts thee; he'll ayther maul thee wi' his yed or thraw thee dahn and poonce thee wi' his clogs."

"Ah'm aw reet, mate," replied Jack, as he turned and saw Bob charging at him, head down, and arms ready to clasp him.

He waited for him, and just as Bob reached him Jack stepped aside and struck at his face.

"One o' th' kisser for Bob!" cried the crowd delightedly, as someone helped him up from where he had fallen.

Boaring out a string of imprecations, Bob made another rush, changing his mode of attack; he intended to kick

Some days passed, and there was no sign of open action on the part of Skelmersdale. Then the colliers began to whisper; next their wives began to chatter; then it reached the ears of the factory girls, and when it got to Mary Lydiate she was nearly mad with terror. Enraged at his public defeat, Skelmersdale had sworn to murder his rival.

"Oh, Jack! cansta not tell Abel Jervis abaht it?"

"What, lass, tell th' police? Na, na; that 'ud be coom- ing a bit ta far. Ah'll be on th' luke aht, niver fear."

The lovers were taking their customary stroll in the wood, which lies in a deep valley, with a tiny brook trickling along the bottom. Overhead, through the trees, they could see the glories of the evening sunlight on the sky, and could hear the birds singing their vespers. So absorbed in their love, and lulled by the beauty of the scene, they failed to notice the burly figure following them stealthily, with a grin of approaching triumph on his evil face.

"Coom, lass," said Jack, "let's goa an' sit on Kill-Devil. 'Twill be quiet ther, and we can watch th' soonset afore going hoam."

They hastened slightly, and were soon clambering up the steep, rocky path that led to "Kill-Devil Brow." The origin of the name is unknown, though the place looked wild enough. The topmost crag, jutting out, formed a natural canopy to a large boulder, upon which the lovers sat, arms round each other, watching the glorious evening lights.

Quickly but quietly Bob Skelmersdale, who had been following, and had heard the mention of Kill-Devil Brow, reached the top of the crag by another route. Then he sat down and chuckled evilly.

He listened to the lovers talking below him for some time, but at last, growing anxious for his revenge, he moved, causing a little cascade of clay and pebbles to fall over the edge. He now took a variety of articles out of his pockets, and the cruel look on his face deepened in intensity.

He had brought four blasting cartridges, such as he used in the mine.

Quickly wiring them together in a bundle, he pierced a hole in the leaden case of one. Then, taking a detonator from his waistcoat pocket, he attached it to a piece of fuse and inserted it in the pierced cartridge, and, having tied a string to the bundle, he saw that all was ready. Listening a moment, he failed to hear the low murmur of conversation; but that was nothing; sweethearts do not always talk, they enjoy a silence sometimes.

"Ah, ma beauties," he muttered, "Bob Skelmersdale don't have to be stopped. When ye see this dangling afore yer eyen, ye'll wonder what is it, an' all, then, it'll go off and kill ye both!"

He struck a fusee and applied it to the fuse. "Fizz-iz-iz" it sang as a tiny flame sprang out. The bully lowered the hissing bundle over the face of the rock, and paid out sufficient string to bring it level with the pair sitting on the boulder below him.

"Nah Ah moost clear off masen," he said. But he did not know that, instead of swinging clear, the explosive had lodged in a mass of roots not a foot below him, and as he turned to get away an awful roar rang out, reverberating through the hills, followed by a scream of human agony.

"What's that, Jack?" cried Mary Lydiate.

"Splosion!" was the obvious reply from her lover, who quickly seized hold of her and threw her under a thick bush, cowering over her himself. It was well he did so promptly, for the air was full of falling stones and earth.

When the shower ceased, they crept out and returned up the path down which they had come but a couple of minutes before.

"Hey, Mary, dese see what it was?"

"No, Jack."

"Why, those little falling stones that made thee think 'twas a rat i' th' tree-roots i' th' rocks overhead must ha' been caused by th' man as did this."

"And that man was Bob Skelmersdale, Jack, as sure as my name is Mary Lydiate. Wher can he be now?"

"Don't knoa, lass, but that ther scream as we heerd seemed as if his blast had same as gone afore he was ready. Stop, lass; goa back; this ain't noa place for thee. Goa dahn th' path; Ah'll coom to thee in a bit."

When he was alone, Jack searched among the debris and quickly found one or two ghastly evidences that his enemy had actually been "hoist with his own petard."

"Mary," said Jack, a few minutes later, "doan't fergit tha prayers-to-neet. Nah let us goa and tell Abel Jervis."

—

"You were always a fault-finder!" growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband meekly, "I found you."

his adversary in the stomach with his clogs. With a lightning movement, just in the nick of time, Jack caught the rising ankle, and with a mighty heave jerked the collier over on to his back. Crash came his head on the cobbles, and for a few minutes he lay still; then, assisted by his friends, he rose to his feet.

"Tha thenks thasen mahity clever, Jack 'Orser, but tha'll fahind Ah'm tha match yet; and tha won't be mooch longer wi' thy fancy wench, ayther, mark my words." And with that he staggered away.

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entire Household Effects (high-class), new 15 months ago.—The Right Rev. Bishop Seefels, compelled to return to Germany, wishes to DISPOSE immediately of his entire HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, privately and regardless of original cost; to effect a quick sale any item may be had separately; great chance for dealers and others. Entire contents of 23 magnificent rooms, also coachhouse, stable, and garden utensils. The following will suffice to show the exceptionally low prices to be accepted; Bed-rooms: Full-size all-brass massive bedsteads, 21s.; elegant square-pillar ditto 55s.; handsome solid oak bedroom suites, complete with bevelled glass-door wardrobes, £3 15s.; solid walnut ditto, with side mirrors to dressing chest, £4 17s. 6d.; choice Sheraton and Chippendale design ditto, £6 17s. 6d.; and very large suites with 6ft. wide wardrobe, fitted drawers and sliding trays, solid walnut, 12gs.; spring-stuffed box ottomans, 14s.; china toilet sets, 5s. each; in every case these are less than third of original cost. Dining-rooms: A handsome set of Jacobean design, richly carved, black oak, accept for the suite, 9gs.; and a costly set of ditto in Cromwellian design, accept 16gs.; exquisitely spring-upholstered and covered choice embossed Russian leather; also sideboard, bookcase, bureau, dinner wagon, and dining table, all to match; any item sold separately. Very finely carved grandfather clock, and Cromwellian chiming, 37s. 6d.; lot of curios, swords, guns, etc.; superb Sheraton-design inlaid dining-room set, 12gs.; a costly Chippendale design dining-room, comprising elaborate 5ft. wide sideboard, with overmantel fitment; large extending dining table and suite, upholstered with embossed Russian leather, accept 27gs. for the lot; also bookcase and pedestal writing table on suite; any item separated. Very handsome carved waxed oak morning-room set, comprising handsome suite, massive sideboard, with overmantel fitment to match, and extension table, with two leaves, £9 15s. the lot; any article separated; walnut sideboard, with bevelled plate-glass back, £3 10s.; very handsome ditto, 5ft. wide, £4 15s.; adjustable table to match, 17s. 6d.; two walnut overmantels, 12s. 6d. and 25s.; handsome carved-frame dining-room suite, with large couch, nearly new, £3 17s. 6d.; a luxuriously spring-upholstered divan suite, covered uncommon Arminster saddlebag covering, £7 15s.; two large lounge Chesterfield settees, 47s. 6d. and 55s.; four large club divan lounge chairs, 27s. 6d. each. The drawing-rooms comprise some rich silk draperies and choice French gilt and other furniture, Vernis Martin panel cabinets and buhl inlaid escurtoires, tables, &c., luxuriously spring-upholstered Chesterfield suite covered rich French silk coutil, £8 17s. 6d.; elegant design large cabinet to match, £5 10s.; and overmantel 42s.; dainty design centre table, 21s.; a very superbly inlaid marquetry set and silk-covered vis-a-vis French suite, £3 15s.; 4ft. wide cabinet to match, 55s., and mantel mirror, 27s. 6d.; the lot £7 10s.; a very magnificent exhibition suite, designed by Monsieur Bergier, Paris, 22gs., worth treble; fine piano by Strohmeier and Sons, 9gs.; and another very magnificent instrument, by Stanley Brinsmead, 16gs.; piano-player, 25s. quantity of music; Swiss lace and other curtains, 3s. 6d. pair; real Indian, Turkey, Arminster, Brussels, and other carpets, nearly new; no reasonable offer refused. Intending furniture buyers are advised not to decide anything definitely until seeing these goods. Can be inspected where now lying for convenience of sale, any day, nine till nine (Thursdays till five). Ask for Mr. Lewis, 50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, N. few minutes from Angel, Islington, and near Highbury Station (North London Railway). Easy of access from all parts of London. N.B.—Goods can remain stored free till required, or delivered free, town or country; fares paid. These goods are being sold privately, no auction sale being allowed on the premises.

Are We Happiest in Summer?



It's the Sunshine that Makes
the Difference.

In spite of many disappointments, due to days bereft of sunshine and the constant uninvited intrusions at picnics and garden parties of thunderstorms and biting winds, the fact remains that summer possesses a magic all its own, and has a mysterious power of raising low spirits, or smoothing away wrinkles, and even of showing us the silver lining of its own clouds.

The man who rises in winter to dress by candlelight, sits down to breakfast half numbed with cold, and has his endurance further tested by a comfortless journey in 'bus or train, finds his cheerfulness—like the thermometer—sinking below zero.

In these circumstances he is not likely to regard the world in a more agreeable light than as a place for strenuous effort, for work in its duller aspect, nor to feel his heart glowing with benevolence towards his fellow-beings.

A fog is apt to communicate its own qualities of gloom to the unfortunate creatures groping in its shadows, and on such occasions optimists have a trying time, especially as their resolute happiness receives little encouragement from unappreciative friends, who ungratefully prefer genuine depression to sham cheerfulness.

A man's attitude towards life is much like his attitude towards his cold tub. In summer, it seems a delicious luxury; in winter—well, at best—an unpleasant duty.

LOVE-MAKING COMES NATURALLY.

There is the winter face and the summer face, both well known to any observer who travels regularly by omnibus or tram, or is often in the places where people congregate without the social obligation of making themselves agreeable.

The one is grim, "dour," misanthropic; the other smiling, tolerant, overflowing, with spontaneous charity. The man who gives you five pounds now without being asked for it, will probably, in a few months, decline to lend five shillings—even to his best friend.

Love-making comes much more naturally in summer than in winter. The seaside girl is just as pretty when the snow is on the ground, but no one ever raves about her then. The river girl does not die with the forget-me-nots and water lilies, but in her unchronicled December phase her fascinations appear to be without effect.

A fire has more attractions than any lover in chilly weather, and charming human angels stay in the house to read and work, instead of wandering forth to snare the hearts of susceptible youths. Outside there is no temptation to linger in leafy lanes or quiet corners, and evening—that mystic hour for romantic souls—is bereft of all its many possibilities.

All the love-poetry ever written tells of the time when flowers are in the grass, and birds are singing, and maidens wear muslin frocks and bewitching hats with shady brims.

ENJOY THE GOLDEN MOMENTS.

It is true, of course, that marriages sometimes take place in winter, but no dreaming girl, asking her fate from the ox-eyed daisies in a meadow, ever imagined such a contingency.

A wedding, when the bridesmaids' noses are blue and the bride's teeth chatter as she enters the church porch; a honeymoon, without sunshine and flowers, are miserable and unsatisfactory travesties of these supreme events of life.

Winter holidays are not what people work for. They do not think of going away at Christmas, and enjoying themselves in some absurd, but delightful, fashion.

It is not then that mothers renew their youth, playing with their little ones on the sands, or in the clover fields, and fathers forget the income tax, influenza, and the difficulty of making both ends meet. It is not then that chronic grumblers are silent, and the wail of the unemployed, the suffragette, and others of their kind ceases to be heard in the land.

All these miracles happen in summer, even though the weather should be spiteful enough at times to try the patience of anything less optimistic than an English holiday crowd.

Let us enjoy the golden moments of summer while they are with us, for now is the time in which we can lay in our stock of courage, cheerfulness, and resolution for the coming winter.

Only too soon we shall be talking about next summer as we shiver under a cold January blast, imagining and longing for all its glorious possibilities.

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS ON OCEAN PALACES.

Few people have any idea of the amount of gambling for high stakes that goes on aboard practically all the crack Transatlantic liners.

Hundreds, and even thousands, of pounds are not infrequently lost by single individuals during a five or six days' voyage, and nothing is heard of the incident outside the smokeroom of the particular "fyer" in question.

As a general rule, that is to say! Now and again, as happened on board the *Mauretania* the other day, some victim will "kick," others join in, and then there is a battle royal between the "rooks" and the "pigeons." But such scenes are entirely exceptional.

There are several reasons for this. No one cares to admit that he has been "plucked," and by a professional "sharper." Then, too, these latter "gentry" are so suave, so faultlessly dressed, so irreproachable in their general behaviour, that it requires a good deal of nerve to openly accuse one of them of being neither more nor less than a common swindler.

Besides, if he is driven into a corner, your typical ocean card-sharper is an ugly customer to tackle. As a rule, he is one of a gang of three, or more, so that he does not lack for backers when it comes to a row. There are cases on record of men having been maimed for life, because they have too forcibly resented being robbed by these gentlemanly ruffians.

Needless to say, the ordinary player stands no earthly chance of winning, when pitted against these professional gamblers, many of whom have attained to such dexterity in manipulating even a perfectly new pack of cards, as would put to shame most regular exponents of the art of legerdemain.

REAL LOST GOLD MINES.

No more amazing story of buried treasure has been made public in these latter years than that cabled from Lisbon the other day concerning the re-discovery of a lost gold mine in Southern Angola.

It had been worked, it would appear, by Portuguese monks, who had apparently all been massacred, for their skeletons were found scattered about the galleries. Mingled with the bones were numbers of gold bars, valued at over £100,000.

There is nothing inherently improbable in this, for Angola was the first portion of Africa (leaving out the Mediterranean littoral) to be settled by white men, and gold is known to have been exported thence during the latter part of the sixteenth century and the early years of the seventeenth, when the supply suddenly ceased.

These early gold miners were a wonderfully secretive lot, so that, when they died, their knowledge usually perished with them. It seems probable now that the Zimbabwe mines were thus lost to the world for the better part of five hundred years.

These are situated, of course, on the opposite side of the Continent, but in approximately the same latitude. They were rediscovered in 1868 by Adam Renders, an ivory trader, who brought away seven sacks full of the precious metal. Other adventurers, too, visited the ancient galleries, some of whom were even more fortunate; while Mr. R. N. Hall, who made a systematic excavation of the whole site some five or six years back, found gold ingots "strewn broadcast on the lower levels as thickly as nails on the floor of a carpenter's shop."

THE REVIVAL OF THE PAGEANT.

WITHIN the next few weeks more than a dozen pageants, great and small, will take place in various localities in England, including Chelsea, Winchester, Dover, Bedford, and little Gorleston, the show at the latter place being largely the work of that indefatigable cleric, the well-known Rev. F. Phillips. A novelty in these spectacular processions is also to be introduced this year, in the shape of a county pageant, illustrative of the history of Gloucestershire, which is to be held at Cheltenham early in July.

Nor is this all. The craze is spreading so rapidly that it seems as if, in a little while, there will hardly be a "pageantless" place left in England. Already between twenty and thirty cities and towns have announced their intention of taking a hand in the game, and many of them have their preparations well advanced, notably Colchester, Exeter, Chester, Reading, York, and Nottingham.

Mr. Louis N. Parker is, of course, mainly responsible for this modern revival of an ancient custom, his Sherborne pageant of 1905 having been followed in 1906 by that at Warwick; while in 1907 no fewer than seven others were held in various parts of the country, including the much discussed Coventry one with *La Milo* as *Lady Godiva*.

Some English towns, however, have always had their own private pageants, relics of mediæval times. Notable amongst these is Preston, whose guild procession has been celebrated regularly once every twenty years since 1328, the last occasion being in 1902. London's Lord Mayor's Show, too, is merely a decadent survival of the great processional pageants that in the Middle Ages meandered on similar occasions through most of the great English burghs.

A POT-HUNTER, as defined by the dictionary, is "a person who hunts or fishes for profit." And there are many alleged sportsmen nowadays who come under this definition, as, for example, the grouse moor or salmon river owner, generally of doubtful origin, who sells all he and his guests catch.

The term pot-hunter, however, is now more usually applied to those spurious amateur athletes and games-players, who go about from meeting to meeting with the deliberate, though unavowed, intention of winning valuable prizes, which they afterwards, as often as not, convert into ready cash.

At present the papers are full of the forthcoming Olympic Games, and the main question debated is not, as would have been the case twenty years ago, which of our representatives will win, but what sort of a chance we have of making a good show against the other countries? And the answer is by no means confidently in our favour.

For this unhappy state of British athletic affairs the pot-hunter is unquestionably greatly to blame, and the sooner he is suppressed the better.

For the pot-hunter is not a sportsman. Granted that he has great skill, which, indeed, he must have successfully to pursue his sordid career, and that he cannot have acquired this pre-eminence without toil, there his claims to sportsmanship end.

For, once he has made his name, his object is to bet on certainties.

He goes round the country attending small meetings and tournaments, where the local champions have not a ghost of a chance against him.

THE ARMY VARIETY.

It may be said that, if local executives advertise open events, the pot-hunter has a perfect right to enter for them. Maybe, but why do these organisers offer big prizes for open events?

Is it not in the hope of attracting the shekels of the public into their pockets by attracting famous pot-hunters to their meetings?

If that be so, then the pot-hunter helps directly in that growing commercialisation of sport, which all genuine amateurs deplore; moreover, he more or less makes a raree-show of himself. The pot-hunter's influence on sport cannot but be harmful. He discourages local and genuine amateur talent, turns sport into a money-making concern.

If there were fewer "all-comers" and "open" events at tennis, for example, there would not be such a dearth of really first-class tennis players as there is, and the same applies to most other branches of sport.

But there are other kinds of pot-hunters, and the Army variety is well known.

He is usually an incompetent officer, who hates nothing so much as doing his duty for duty's sake. But he has powerful friends at Court, and, whenever a little war breaks out, he is pitchforked into some more or less honorary billet, which gets him to the front and enables him cheaply to earn a medal, while his brother officers remain at home to do his work.

LIMELIGHT HEROES ALL.

Pot-hunters had much to do with the disasters of the South African war. For, be it understood, once a pot-hunter has collected a medal or two, he has an almost irrefutable claim to any staff billets that may be going. The "regrettable incidents" of the Boer war were admittedly due to the incompetence of the staff-officers, and the simple explanation is that many of these were pot-hunters of the worst description.

The Army, however, has no monopoly of pot-hunters. The Navy swarms with them, and those internal dissensions which threaten to burst asunder the once splendid and solid fabric of our Navy may be traced to the malign influence of the pot-hunter, who sows discontent, insubordination, and disgust wherever he pursues his slimy, toadying way.

And, for the matter of that, we're most of us pot-hunters to-day. Duty for duty's sake has been relegated to the limbo of those obsolete beliefs which our ancestors were fools enough to believe in.

Everybody wants to be tangibly rewarded for doing his duty, or what fifty years ago would have been considered his duty, and the modern hero is careful to see that the limelight is properly focussed, and that the reporters have got their pencils ready before he proceeds to be heroic.

But, happily, the pot-hunter is defeating his own ends. For, really, we are all so very much bemedalled and dedizened with worthless gewgaws, representing fame as won by persevering pot and tuft-hunting, that it is a distinction to have no "distinctions" at all.

The Prevalence of Pot-hunters



By Our Cheerful Pessimist.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



A Race for a Wife

A Story of a Thames Regatta.

By E. NEWTON BUNGEY.

THOSE readers who are in the habit of frequenting the upper reaches of the River Thames will probably gaze askance when mention is made of the Wenton-on-Thames Regatta. They will ask what county Wenton is in, which would be a very natural question, for no one has ever heard of the town under that name. For the purposes of this story it has been deemed desirable to give a fictitious name to the place at which the incidents which are now to be narrated actually took place.

Suffice to say, therefore, that Wenton-on-Thames is a famous up-river resort, and that its regatta is one of the best on the Thames. Many well-known racing men are to be seen there on regatta days, and the best clubs are always represented.

At the time of writing, one of the most popular residents in Wenton and its neighbourhood was Miss Dorothy Marsden, the daughter of Sir John Marsden, of Colthorpe Hall, near Wenton. She was well known to all the townspeople, who always welcomed her pretty face and charming manners. No fête or garden party was complete without Sir John's beautiful daughter, and at the last three regattas she had presented the prizes. It is an undeniable fact that fully two-thirds of the young men in the town and its vicinity were in love with her.

Dorothy's chief delight was being on the water, whether she was sculling, punting, or in a canoe. She once pulled in a trial racing eight, and did not make half a bad show.

It follows, therefore, that any young man who wished to make a good impression on Dorothy must be as fond of the river as she was; furthermore, he must be able to pull a good oar.

Such a man as this was Dick Greville. At Cambridge he had rowed in his college eight, and would have been given his blue against Oxford but for an unlucky sprained wrist just before the final eight was selected.

He absolutely worshipped Dorothy Marsden, and would have made any sacrifice for her. He was a good-looking man, standing close on six feet in height, besides being well off from a financial point of view. Altogether, he seemed a very fitting match for Dorothy Marsden; but, though he had asked her on several occasions to marry him, she had refused each time.

The truth was that Miss Marsden was young and overbrimming with youthful energy, and she really could not decide whether she cared sufficiently for Dick Greville to marry him. She had admitted to him that she was very, very fond of him, but she was hardly certain whether she was sufficiently fond of him to couple her life with his for as long as they lived.

With each refusal, however, Dick Greville had become more grimly determined than ever to win Dorothy, and his love for her grew stronger every day.

But a sudden change was brought about by the unexpected deaths of Lord Irrington and his son. As a result, Geoffrey Campion, Dorothy Marsden's cousin, became heir apparent, the new Lord Irrington being Dorothy's uncle.

Geoffrey Campion had always been one of Dorothy's most devoted admirers, and now that he was the future Lord Irrington, Sir John Marsden was very anxious that his daughter should be the future Lady Irrington.

But Dorothy by no means reciprocated her cousin's feelings.

One day both Campion and Greville, amongst other guests, were present at a garden-party given by Sir John Marsden. Naturally enough, the conversation turned on the regatta which was to take place in less than a month's time.

"I suppose we shall have to go through the same old farce of rowing over the course for the cup," said Campion.

He was referring to the Wenton Silver Challenge Cup which had been presented to the town many years ago to be competed for each year by the respective town eights. For a number of years there had been several eights in the town and there was always a ding-dong race for the cup. For the last five years, however, there had been only

one eight in the town, and in order to maintain possession of the cup they rowed over the course by themselves, there being no challengers.

"Really, someone ought to start another club so that there can be a race for the cup," said Dorothy. "It is a shame for your eight always to hold the cup."

"Bring forward the eight, my fair cousin," said Campion in airy tones, "and we shall be only too willing to row against them."

"Of course, it is too late to get an eight out of the town before this year's regatta," replied Dorothy, "but there shall be one next year if I have to stroke it myself."

A chorus of laughter greeted this remark, Campion in particular being highly amused. He himself was captain of the Wenton Rowing Club and rowed stroke.

"I should like to see the eight in Wenton who could beat our crew," he said in somewhat supercilious tones.

"Would you?" asked Dick Greville quietly.

Campion gazed at the speaker with a none too amiable expression on his face. He knew that he and Dick were rivals, and the fact was far from being a pleasant one.

As a matter of fact, Dick Greville was quite good enough to row in the Wenton Rowing Club eight, but while Geoffrey Campion was captain of the club there would be no chance for Dick. Campion was far too jealous of his rival to allow him a chance of distinguishing himself.

"Most certainly I should," Campion replied. "Shall we have that pleasure next year?"

"How long is it before the regatta?" asked Dick.

"Three weeks and four days," said someone.

Dick reflected for a few moments and then said quietly: "I will do my best to let you have the pleasure this year."

A murmur of surprised applause greeted this reply, for Dick was a universal favourite.

"Of course, you know the rules," said Campion coldly. "Every man in the competing eights must have been born in Wenton or have lived there for more than four years."

"I quite understand that," was the reply he received. Presently Dick Greville walked away, and immediately Geoffrey Campion laughed aloud.

"Why, what rubbish!" he said. "How can Greville possibly hope to train a crew in such a short time. At any rate, we shall have some fun in watching them row."

Never did he utter a truer remark than the last, but he did not for a moment realise to what extent the fun would lead them.

Later on Dick Greville met Dorothy as she was wandering alone towards the river.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, "how could you make such a rash promise to my cousin? You know it is quite impossible to train an eight in the time you have at your disposal."

"Are you sure?" he asked with a smile.

"But perhaps you have been training a crew in secret to surprise us. Is that so?"

"No," he replied; "beyond myself I have not yet got a man looked out to form my crew. I shall have to hurry along."

"But you can't possibly do it," she insisted. "You will only make yourselves a laughing stock and make my cousin more conceited than ever."

"I don't think we shall fail," was Dick Greville's reply, delivered in firm tones.

"But, Dick, it stands to reason that it is almost impossible to train a crew in three weeks to row against a regular eight like the one the town possesses."

"I've got an idea, Dolly," Greville said slowly, "and I rather fancy my crew will not have such an outside chance after all. The race may not be an orthodox one, but the people who are looking on will have some fun for their money, and they may see a result that will surprise them."

"I don't quite see what you mean, Dick," Dorothy said slowly; "but I should be awfully glad to see you beat the Wenton eight, for they are so woefully conceited."

"If you do win," she went on, after a moment's thought, "I might—"

She paused, and with head on one side, gazed at Greville with a roguish smile on her face. Her beauty intoxicated him, and he leaned eagerly forward with outstretched hands.

"Might what?" he whispered.

"Wait and see, Dick," she murmured softly. "Win the race and I'll tell you."

"We shall win that race," he said in determined tones,

his eyes flashing, "even if I have to do all the rowing myself."

"That's fine!" she cried. "I like to see you looking like that."

Presently Dick Greville started back towards the town again. His soul was on fire with a great longing for Dorothy, and his wits were hard at work in connection with his idea to defeat the Wenton eight.

Presently he came to the lock, where a number of rowing men were chatting, Geoffrey Campion amongst them. The latter laughed as Dick approached.

"Here comes the wonderful trainer," he cried, "who is going to get a crew together in three weeks to beat our eight."

Some of the men joined good-naturedly in the laugh, and one said:

"I say, Greville, I should drop the idea for this year's regatta if I were you. You are attempting the impossible."

"You wait a while, Jack, and see," was his cheery reply.

"And see the Wenton eight paddle home ten lengths ahead," added Campion.

"I'm sorry I can't stop to argue the point," said Dick, "for I must try to collect a crew together to-night."

Another burst of laughter greeted this remark, Campion's laugh being conspicuous by its loudness and bitterness.

Dick Greville walked away and called on a chum who was a good oarsman, and told him his story. He detailed his scheme and his friend Arthur Jervis was greatly taken with it.

"It will make them the laughing stock of the river," he said. "Now, what other men do you propose to have in the crew?"

After a little discussion they had nine names on paper, including their own, and, during the evening, they called on each man. Fortunately they met with no refusals, and before bedtime the new crew knew all about the scheme and were all very enthusiastic and amused at the prospect.

For reasons which will be apparent later the majority of the oarsmen selected were not racing men, or known to the riverside people, though they could all pull a fairly good oar.

The reader, even if he is not an oarsman, will appreciate the fact that to coach a crew to row against a trained eight with any prospect of making a decent fight is a matter of months' hard work. Therefore it will be understood how amazed and amused the townspeople were at Dick Greville's challenge.

However, Dick had got his eight together and every evening they practised hard in a reach several miles from the town.

Occasionally curious people came from Wenton to watch them, but Dick had posted two trusty friends to act as sentries so that they always knew when an outsider was approaching. As soon as the curious persons came in sight the crew rowed in a very ragged fashion, and humorous reports of them were taken back to Wenton.

The matter became the stock joke of the town, and parents would point to their little boy aged five or six and facetiously remark that he was a member of Greville's crew.

As for Greville himself, they chaffed him unmercifully; but he always met their banter with the best of humour.

The town newspaper, inspired by Geoffrey Campion, came out with a humorous article entitled "A 'Racing Crew' at Practice." No names were mentioned, but the meaning was obvious.

At last the regatta day came round. The weather was perfect and a large crowd assembled. The racing was good, but everyone was waiting expectantly for the last event on the card—"Mr. R. Greville's eight v. the Wenton Rowing Club eight, for the Wenton Challenge Cup."

The Wenton eight, looking very spruce and smart, were the first to appear, and, as they carried their 60ft. racer from the boathouse, they were enthusiastically cheered.

Then Dick Greville's eight came out and a ripple of laughter ran round the onlookers.

The men stooped and seemed very nervous, and looked no more like a racing eight than a dromedary, and as they launched their boat they were greeted with ironical shouts and cat-calls.

The crowd screamed with laughter as the men quarrelled about their oars.

Presently one shouted: "I say, stroke, what are these funny iron things?" he pointed to the outriggers.

The spectators simply howled with laughter.

But there was one exception—Dorothy Marsden. She turned red, and gazed at Dick with troubled eyes. How could he be so silly to bring down men who did not know what an outrigger was?

"I say, my seat's moving," shouted another of the crew, indicating his sliding seat.

(Concluded on next page.)

Ninepenny Bicycles Wanted for the Fresh Air Fund.

He is off to the country on ninepence.
He is free from the city at last.
Just a poor ragged boy, but his heart's full of joy
As the hedges and signposts slip past.

Through the long dreary days of the winter,
And all through the wakening spring,
In a tumbledown court he has lived on the thought
Of the day which the summer would bring.

When borne on the smoke-laden breezes,
As welcome as ever there comes
A message to say that there'll be a day
In the country, for kids in the slums.

Then forgotten are hunger and sorrow,
And he eagerly waits for the day
When again he can go where the wild roses blow
And the birds and the butterflies play.

Where no one says, "Keep off the grass there,"
Or calls you "a perfect young pest."
Where you climb up the trees and do just as you please,
Till the sunshine goes down in the west.

He has heard that they call it the country.
But, as Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?"
The country or not—it don't matter a jot,
For it's Heaven to him all the same.



Each Ninepence sent to the Fresh Air Fund pays for a day's holiday right away in the country for one little slum child; this sum includes railway fare, food, and everything. Further particulars on the last white page in this number.

This time the Wenton eight joined in the roar of laughter, and tears of vexation stood in Dorothy's eyes. As for Dick Greville, he scowled at his men and looked very ill at ease.

"If you'd rather not row," Campion called out, "we are quite willing that you should retire."

Another laugh greeted this taunt, but Greville took no notice of it.

At length the two eights were ready and the gun was fired. Immediately the Wenton eight went away with a rush, the pace being thirty-eight strokes to the minute. In a minute they drew two lengths ahead of Greville's crew, and then slackened to a paddle.

Roars of laughter greeted the scratch eight as they splashed along. Their oars dipped in the water regardless of time, and they shot oceans of spray into the air. They pulled anyhow, some took short strokes and others took long. In direct defiance of all racing ideas the men kept on shouting to each other, whilst they took not the slightest notice of the time set by Greville, who was rowing stroke.

Dorothy on board the umpire's launch followed behind, and she sorrowfully watched the absurd display of Greville's crew. This was all he could do, after all his promises. How galling it was!

Rowing well together at a slow, easy stroke, the Wenton eight kept their clear two lengths lead. On each man's face was a broad grin, for they were all watching the queer antics of Greville's crew.

Now every reader knows that in a racing crew no man should look away from the man in front of him; but with the Wenton men it was pardonable, for they had such a ludicrously easy task.

In this manner the two eights covered two-thirds of the course. With each minute, the rowing of Greville's eight became worse, until the Wenton eight could not contain themselves, and many of them burst out laughing.

Suddenly there came a sharp "Now!" from Greville's lips. Immediately each man behind him sat up straight, their oars struck the water together, and, with a machine-like precision, they propelled their boat along at a great pace.

Before the Wenton crew understood what had happened, Greville's eight had drawn level and, rowing like a machine, had shot half a length ahead.

The suddenness of the change came with such a shock that the Wenton men lost their heads and began to row raggedly.

Each second saw the scratch eight increasing their lead. The men rowed splendidly together and were striking thirty-six to the minute.

For a few moments the spectators were so amazed that they were absolutely silent, but then they woke up, saw through the ruse, and a roar of encouragement for Greville's men filled the air.

A ding-dong race was now in progress, but the scratch eight had got too big a lead. Each man pulled like a Trojan, and, try as they could, Campion's boat could not catch them. And, midst stentorian cheers, Greville's men passed the winning-post a length and a quarter ahead.

Campion was furious with rage, and bitterly denounced Greville's tactics. But Greville retorted that, even in spite of the artifice, a trained crew like the Wenton eight ought to have won.

Wenton has never forgotten that race, neither has Dick Greville ever forgotten Dorothy's softly-murmured reply when he put an all-important question to her shortly afterwards.

They had a proper race at the following regatta, and Mrs. Richard Greville handed her husband the cup which his crew again had won.

BRITAIN'S TINIEST POSSESSION.

THAT very latest addition to the British Empire, Coetivy Island, is not the smallest single bit of territory reigned over by King Edward.

For Coetivy, although little more than a chunk of volcanic rock, dumped down by nature in the middle of the Indian Ocean, is between eight and nine square miles in extent; and this, for a desert island, is quite a respectable size.

It is, for instance, at least ten times as big as Pudding Island, in the Tonga Group, which is, by latest reports, less than a mile in circumference. The area of this latter, too, is gradually diminishing, owing to the disintegration and subsidence of the coral base on which it stands. It derives its curious name from its striking resemblance to the top half of a pudding, the barrier reef which entirely surrounds it standing for the rim of the basin.

Then, again, there is Beehive Island, in the South Pacific, which rises from the centre of a perfectly circular platform, to a height of four hundred feet, in a smooth dome-shaped hill of polished basalt, exactly resembling a beehive. Its area altogether is less than a thousand acres. Nevertheless, on the ledge surrounding the inaccessible central dome, are some two hundred natives, who support themselves by fishing.

Conway Island is another curiosity in smallness. It is only six feet above the water, and measures barely 180 yards in one direction by about eighty in another.

Ninepin Island, near St. Paul's, in the Southern Indian Ocean, is shaped exactly like a gigantic nine-pin, and nobody has ever succeeded in climbing to the top. But its total area cannot exceed a few score acres. Hunter Island is another tiny portion of the British Empire upon which no one has ever set foot, although it was discovered by Captain Fearn, of the *Hunter*, so long ago as 1708. It is an oblong block of volcanic rock, rising sheer from the sea to the height of one thousand feet, and measures half a mile long by one-third of a mile in breadth.



Do Animated Pictures Injure Eyesight?

By J. CATER, M.D.

AFTER spending an hour or so in a picture gallery most persons experience a dull kind of headache situated across the eyebrows.

Also, after looking at pictures above the natural line of sight, and then suddenly consulting their catalogue, they are conscious of an unpleasant sensation consequent on the effort to adjust the sight to a nearer object.

In the former case, the discomfort results from continued strain; in the latter, from the sudden call upon the muscles of the eye to alter their tension.

Other instances might easily be quoted where similar disagreeable effects follow an undue strain of the eyesight, especially when observing rapidly-moving objects too closely.

These experiences go to show that when the eyesight is employed in an unnatural way—when the muscles of the eye are engaged on some unusual task—nature resents the impropriety, and the sequel is discomfort, if not actual pain.

The question before us is whether any injurious effect on the sight is likely to follow entertainment by means of "animated pictures," and, if so, whether the ill-effects are merely temporary, or in any sense of the word to be regarded as permanent.

ABNORMAL DEMAND ON THE SIGHT.

Probably, every person who has patronised one of these exhibitions has felt a desire to stop the works. That is to say, they have been conscious of a wish for the movements to cease in order to take in more perfectly what is being presented to the eye.

This feeling has its origin in the abnormal demand made upon the sight, in consequence of the rapidity with which each section of the picture moves. For, it must be remembered that every one of these photographic representations is composed of an immense number of tiny fragments, the whole of which are made to pass in such rapid succession as to afford the pleasing effect of life and motion. Something like 120 of these sections flit across the line of sight every minute, each of which is equally necessary to complete the picture.

The speed at which these sections travel across the sheet, together with the immensity of their number, involves a severe strain on the eyes if the scene depicted is to be appreciated.

To contend that the combined effect of these quickly passing sections is but a representation of natural movement, does not obviate the strain involved in putting together the 1,000 or more minute portions which enter into the composition of the complete picture. The scene ultimately represented may be pleasing, and even beautiful, but the means employed to present it demand an effort on the part of the eyes abnormal and injurious.

And, moreover, the constant flickering of white streaks so generally noticed at these exhibitions, largely increases the difficulty experienced by the sight to obtain a restful view of what is thrown upon the screen.

NATURE'S MOST DELICATE MECHANISM.

A similar effect may be produced by persistently reading in a fast-moving train, because it is impossible to hold a book with sufficient steadiness to allow of a normal use of the sight. The continual shaking of the lettering due to movements of the railway carriage calls for special effort on the part of the eyes, and this extra effort naturally results in fatigue. The muscles of the eye are constantly required to alter their adjustment, and the focussing apparatus in the eye is continually called upon to adapt itself to varying distances. The inevitable result is one of more or less weariness of the sight.

Efforts to read under such circumstances may merely occasion slight discomfort; but when prolonged or frequently repeated, they may give rise to actual pain, particularly when both print and paper are of an indifferent character.

So far, we have only been concerned with the muscular structures of the eye; we now pass to consider what injury, if any, may be done to the power of vision.

The eyeball contains within itself one of nature's most delicate and complicated pieces of minute mechanism. This wonderful organisation is known as the "retina," so named from the Latin word, *rete*, a net.

The retina is the essential organ of vision, for upon it are focussed images of all the objects we see. It is composed of ten layers, each of which differs from the rest, and plays its own particular part. The complete structure is pierced by numerous minute blood vessels, and these are liable to exactly the same troubles that may affect similar vessels in other parts of the body.

Much of what has been said with regard to the

muscles of the eye applies with equal force to the retina. That is to say, injurious effects may as readily follow an undue strain of the structures of the retina when they are called upon to sustain unnatural and prolonged effort.

In fact, since the retina is more delicate in its composition, in all probability it would more quickly succumb to any unusual strain. And, in the event of its being put to an improper use, its condition would eventually prove to be

that which is technically known as "retinitis."

Now, "retinitis" is nothing more nor less than an inflammatory state of the retina. It is accompanied by diminution of the power of vision, especially noticeable in dim light and the darkness of night. In its earlier stages it may easily escape detection, but later on its presence becomes evident by the person's inability to see.

WHEN THE RETINA IS INFLAMED.

During the period of inflammation the tiny blood-vessels become distended, and, yielding to internal pressure, may burst, and cause hæmorrhage.

Retinitis is a condition very apt to be set up by frequent and prolonged inspection of "animated pictures." All the movements and flickerings, of which mention has been made, are imaged on the retina; so that it is no matter for surprise if this minute and delicate construction takes on a condition of inflammation.

This wonderful structure is admirably adapted for its legitimate uses, but, if called upon to undertake work for which it never was intended, it inevitably yields to the inflammatory process. And, what is more, we must bear in mind that the existence of disease in other parts of the body, particularly such as affect the state of the blood, predispose the retina to take on inflammation as soon as some exciting cause is at work from outside.

Consequently, when an abnormal effort of the sight is required, as it is when witnessing "animated pictures," at a time when actual disease is present elsewhere, the danger of retinitis being set up is a very grave one indeed.

WHERE TO VIEW THE PICTURES.

What has been said, both with regard to the muscular structures of the eye and to its retina, would hardly apply if our visits to these entertainments were limited to one or two; but if the pleasure is to be frequently indulged, there is undoubtedly a serious risk of permanent injury to the sight.

A common error in this country with regard to exhibitions of "animated pictures" is that of placing the patrons too near the sheet on which the scenes are thrown. The greater the distance between the eyes and the sheet the less of movement is perceptible.

In England the higher priced seats are usually placed at the front and nearest to the pictures, while the cheaper ones are arranged at the back of the building. For the reason already given, this procedure is most undesirable, for if these "animated pictures" must be seen, by all means let us witness them from as great a distance as possible.

On the Continent people are less conservative; the least expensive seats are those immediately before the screen, and in front of the rest of the audience. Those persons who are able to pay higher prices for their privilege are placed at a greater distance from the screen, while those who pay the tip-top price sit behind the rest of the audience.

This is as it should be, if the effect on the eyesight is the primary consideration, for at the back parts of the building the peculiar strain these exhibitions involve is very considerably reduced.

J. Cater, M.D.

KILLED OUT OF KINDNESS.

A FRENCH creditor called upon his debtor, whom he found at dinner, carving a tender chicken.

"Now, sir," said the visitor, "are you going to pay me soon?"

"I should only be too glad, my dear sir, but it is impossible; I'm cleared out, ruined. I haven't a penny!"

"Why, sir, when a man cannot pay his debts, he has no business to be eating chicken like that!"

"Alas, my dear sir," said the debtor, lifting the serviette to his eyes, "I couldn't afford to keep it!"

PASSENGER: "I say, conductor, doesn't your 'bus ever go any faster than this?"

Conductor: "If you're not satisfied, you can get out and walk."

Passenger (sweetly): "Oh, I'm not in such a hurry as all that, you know!"

On his arrival at Hastings, Mr. Pinglet met Mr. Ponglet and his family, about to return to town with bag and baggage.

"What? Going back to town so soon? Why, the season is hardly begun."

Mr. Ponglet (whose two daughters have become engaged): "What's the use of staying any longer? I've sold out."

When you've clambered down the cliffs and rocks and wandered through the caves—



How I Reclaim Criminals

By WILLIAM WHEATLEY,
Superintendent of the St. Giles'
Christian Mission.

I HAVE been connected with the St. Giles's Mission for over thirty years, the work of which is to endeavour to give discharged criminals another start in life.

There is always a chance of a discharged prisoner returning to honest methods, and a little encouragement and assistance at the right moment will often effect a reformation.

Unfortunately it is too frequently a case of "once a criminal, always a criminal" with society, and a man who has even only once been convicted of a criminal offence will find it difficult to earn an honest livelihood.

The work of St. Giles's Mission is directed mostly towards the "first-offender," and, in addition to giving him a helping hand upon his release, to save him from the contamination of those incorrigible criminals known as "old birds."

We are in constant communication with the police, governors of prisons, and the administrators of the law. We are, in fact, always working in conjunction with them, and are advised whenever convicts are about to be released.

At the same time, we are furnished with full particulars of the convicts, given their personal description, and are asked if we will take them in hand. This information is conveyed in the first instance on an official list, and, having marked those whom we have decided to take in hand, we return the list.

WATCHING THE "OLD BIRDS."

We then receive a number of blue forms, setting forth fuller particulars of those individuals we have marked, together with a photograph of them in two positions, side and front view. Also their names and numbers are given.

Our next step is to seek out the relations of the individuals in question, and ask them if they propose to do anything in the matter, and a meeting is arranged at our premises. The discharged prisoners come straight to our place. If, on the other hand, there are no relations, we take the men or women in hand ourselves.

It is in connection with these meetings that the "old birds," as they are termed, cause us some trouble, and for them we have to keep a careful watch.

It happens in this way: One or more of a gang of habitual criminals gets wind of the date of the release of a certain convict whom they think will be of some use to them in some villainous enterprise, and that a meeting is being arranged at the Mission premises. It may be that they have met the convict in prison, and judged him to be a "useful" man for them, and are anxious to get hold of him, in order to fill a vacancy in the gang caused by one of their number getting into the hands of the police.

One of the gang will then call here, and, having confirmed the release by inquiry, will state that he is related to the convict, and has called to render him some assistance. If our suspicions are aroused in the matter, we usually resort to subterfuge to test them. For instance, on one occasion a man presented himself here in that manner, saying he was a relation of a prisoner shortly to be released. We therefore asked the caller to wait in a room by himself until the ex-convict arrived, whom he said, by the way, was his brother.

PRISONERS AIDED PERMANENTLY.

When the latter arrived we showed him into another room. It so happened that we had been advised that a brother of the released man would call, but did not believe the first-comer was the genuine relation. So it turned out, for soon after the real Simon Pure arrived, and left in company with the ex-convict.

We endeavour to aid discharged prisoners permanently. It is satisfactory to be able to state, in view of the dubious way discharged prisoners are generally treated by employers, that there are business men who have no objection to employing those who have lapsed from the ways of honesty, but have purged their offence, and of these we keep a list.

In order that there never can be any misunderstanding in the matter, and that the future may be made clear for the discharged prisoner, the employer is furnished with full particulars of the man's antecedents, the nature of his offence, the term of his sentence, and so on. Moreover, the employer is asked to sign a printed declaration to the effect that he has been placed in possession of all these details. This makes it impossible that any evil-minded person can spoil the chances of the man's earning an honest livelihood by bringing him under an unmerited suspicion.

In addition to assisting ex-prisoners, we also help the wives and children of those who are incarcerated, and in this connection some pathetic human stories are occasionally unfolded. We do a good deal of work among "remands," and I personally attend frequently at Brixton. There, I inspect the remand subjects, and,

where I consider my assistance may be beneficial, I apply to the magistrate for leave to take the case in hand, which, I need scarcely say, is invariably granted. The individual in question is then brought to me by the constable who made the arrest.

On an average there are about seven or eight hundred convicts released every year; we receive about 200 of them. During a year we serve to "short period" prisoners about 28,000 breakfasts. For this purpose we have accommodation at Holloway, and, by paying a nominal yearly rental of a few shillings, we become tenants of the Prison Commissioners.

As may be supposed, acts of deception are sometimes tried upon us, but rarely ever succeed. For instance, a convict may come to us under somebody else's name, but, as we have the fullest record of the most frequently-convicted convicts, whose careers we can trace back to the initial sentence, it is not likely that we can be deceived in such a manner.

Wm. Wheatley

RECORD DROPS FROM THE CLOUDS.

THE double parachute descent made the other day from an estimated height of 14,000 feet by the Misses Louie May and Dolly Shepard, probably constitutes a record in long drops.

One writes "probably," because there is always a doubt in these cases, owing to the difficulty in verifying the actual altitudes reached by the parachutists before letting go.

Professor Baldwin, who first popularised this highly dangerous species of exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, London, in 1888, made several descents from altitudes exceeding a mile, but was prevented by the authorities from carrying out his intention of dropping from a height of two miles. Later on, however, he descended in the provinces from a height of 9,000 feet. This was his record, so far as this country is concerned.

He soon found emulators, though; several of whom met with violent deaths. Thus, an Englishman named George Higgins, after descending safely several times from altitudes exceeding 10,000 feet, was eventually killed at Kirkstall, near Leeds. This happened on August 8th, 1891. A few months later a Miss Van Tassel was similarly dashed to death at Dacca; and on May 20th, 1902, Miss Edith Brookes, aged twenty-three, was killed near Sheffield.

On the other hand, there have been chronicled some remarkable escapes of a nature akin to that experienced by the Misses May and Shepard. Thus, at Wakefield, some years back, a well-known parachutist named Cissie Kent was carried high above the clouds through something going wrong with the "test" cord, yet managed to alight safely in the middle of the town after narrowly escaping being impaled on the spire of All Saints' Church. Owing to a similar mishap Miss Alma Beaumont was, at Glasgow, once borne aloft to the height of 12,700 feet, before being able to let go. Nevertheless, she suffered no hurt, although twenty minutes were occupied in the descent.

T.A. IS NOT DRUMMED OUT.

MANY people are under the impression that the British soldier who sufficiently misconducts himself is still liable to suffer the degrading punishment of being publicly drummed out of his regiment, much as was the French lieutenant, Ulmo, the other day.

This, however, is a mistake. A soldier condemned nowadays to be dismissed the service with ignominy is simply returned to civil life without fuss or ceremony, usually after a more or less lengthy term of imprisonment in an ordinary gaol. The old system, whereby he was made to undergo the humiliation of being kicked out of the barrack-gate by the smallest drummer-boy in the corps, after his "facings" had been torn from his uniform and the buttons cut off by the master-tailor, has been abolished for something like half a century.

Nevertheless, this sensational ceremony often makes a thrilling scene in plays, wherein the arms, accoutrements, and uniforms of the characters are those of the present day. These old Army customs die hard in the public's memory. There are plenty of intelligent people who think the soldier of to-day is liable to the punishment of the lash.

The King's shilling, again! How frequently one comes across an allusion to it, based obviously upon the assumption that it is still customary to give a recruit that coin on enlistment; whereas, as a matter of fact, the usage was specifically abolished by Royal Warrant so long ago as 1881.

Then, too, there is the drum-head court-martial, beloved of sensational writers generally, and especially by a certain type of lady novelist. No drum-head court-martial has been held in the British Army for more than a quarter of a century. Nor is there, by the bye, any such individual as a drum-major, although he figures prominently in print many times a week in the daily papers. Ever since 1878 his official, and only proper, title has been that of sergeant-drummer.

THE MULTIPLICATION OF MONEY.

Extraordinary Offers by a Leading London Bank.

Showing how a Great London Bank is Paying 7 per cent. Interest, Giving Expert Financial Advice, Free Insurance, and Other Benefits.

Until quite recently few people realised the true value of money. They accepted, with what grace they could, the meagre and entirely inadequate 2½ to 3 per cent. that most banks gave them for the use of their money, and in a great many cases they had no idea that it was worth more than double this amount.

Then a leading London Bank caused quite a sensation in financial circles by announcing that it was paying interest to depositors of 5 per cent., 6 per cent., and even 7 per cent., and in addition conferring upon its customers other benefits of almost incalculable value.

People naturally asked how it was that this Bank—the great FELTHAM'S BANK LIMITED—was enabled to do all this whilst other Banking establishments were paying about 2½ per cent. and actually charging for the working of current accounts, and generally treating their customers as though they (the Banks) were doing them a kind of favour. In a remarkable book written by a Bank Manager, entitled "Profitable Banking Accounts," we find the answer. It consists in the fact that whilst the rest of the Banking community has been standing still for years, FELTHAM'S BANK has adopted all the modern methods and availed itself of all the advantages that science and experience can give.

A leading railway company recently announced that through having adopted modern methods in the form of non-stop express trains, their receipts had gone up more than

\$1,000 a Week.

This is precisely what FELTHAM'S BANK has done, and as that railway company is enabled to pay a higher dividend, so FELTHAM'S BANK is enabled—through bringing its methods thoroughly up-to-date—to pay higher interest, and to treat its customers in a manner that is not only just but positively generous.

Having adopted for its motto the poignant word "Progress," FELTHAM'S at once set about discovering how best it could offer to its customers the fruits of its enterprise, and the first thing that it did was to pay to investors the fair and uttermost value for their money in the form of interest, which is 5 per cent., 6 per cent., and 7 per cent. Then it determined to pay a high rate of interest upon current or working accounts, in spite of the fact that most Banks made a charge for working this account. FELTHAM'S at once realised the injustice of charging a person for the use of his or her money, and in consequence decided to pay 4 per cent. interest on all current accounts, and moreover to calculate the interest upon the daily average, so that not one iota of interest is lost to the customer.

The book "Profitable Banking Accounts" points out that in the past an injustice has been done to the small investor, the man or woman of limited means. The average bank does not want the custom of the small investor, and it takes no care to conceal the fact. This is why so many people allow their money to stagnate at the Post Office Savings Bank at 2½ per cent. interest, and are forced to put up with all the inconveniences of this institution.

"Profitable Banking Accounts" has been written to show why everyone who has any money at all, or can save even as little as a few shillings a month, should have an account with a London Bank, and in your choice of a bank you will naturally want the bank that whilst offering the greatest security at the same time offers the most advantages, and this bank is FELTHAM'S.

Under the old 2½ per cent. principle life was altogether too short for a man to amass wealth, and it is important to remember that FELTHAM'S enables you to get rich

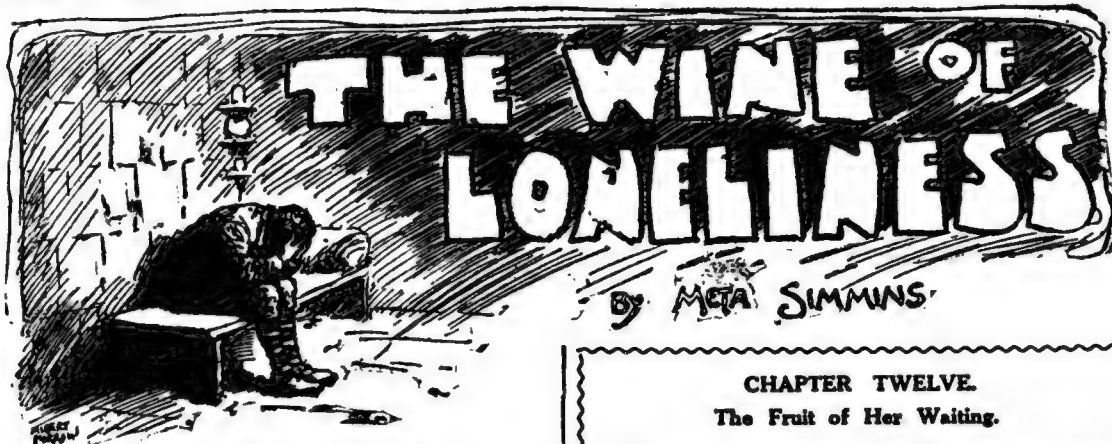
In Less than Half the Time

that was possible under the old system. Another important consideration that FELTHAM'S offer its customers is a system of Free Insurance, which is a real boon and worthy of all the consideration of the careful man or woman. The Insurance is against Accident, Sickness, and Death, in the case of the first of these three for £500, and £1 a week, for illness, for £1 a week; and customers are presented with a Free Life Policy for £100 without Medical Examination.

Then FELTHAM'S have instituted a Department where Expert Financial Advice is given to persons in need of such, and for this advice no fee is paid. Again, there comes to most persons a time when they are in need of financial assistance, and the old bank casts dubious glances at such, and put innumerable obstacles in their path; but FELTHAM'S has recognised that this is one of the missions of the Modern Bank, and is always willing to give to its customers facilities for obtaining the temporary use of small or large sums of money on fair, convenient, and reasonable terms. These are a few of the advantages offered you by FELTHAM'S BANK.

Write for the book to-day to the Manager, FELTHAM'S BANK, 96 Victoria Street, London, W., or 2 Coleman Street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.



THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

"MADAM, for God's sake do not scream!" Mrs. Chester, wife of the Dean of Salehurst, turns round and gasps with horror.

Before her stands an escaped convict. It is Hugo Bentley, husband of her daughter Lisa Nairn.

"You can't stay here," she cries, fearful lest the secret of her daughter's marriage to this outcast of society should be revealed by his presence.

"If they take me here," he grinds out between his teeth, "here, where you might have saved me, I shall tell your story before them all."

Defeated, the woman indicates a wardrobe, where clerical garments hang.

"Father Tarn, who is to preach here this afternoon, is unable to come, you might profess to be Father Maddison sent to officiate in his stead."

The convict consents and dons a cassock.

"There is but one thing more I care for—to see Lisa."

"Lisa is no longer your wife," is the cold reply.

"You may have had the marriage annulled," the man cries passionately, "but I do not, and Lisa never can and never will forget that she is as truly my wife now in the sight of God as she was the day we were married."

"Hush, someone will hear you," gasps the woman.

"Someone most certainly will hear me if you do not contrive a meeting."

Again Mrs. Chester submits, and the convict, disguised as a clergyman, departs with the promise that Lisa shall be in the Deanery billiard-room that night at ten.

In the evening, Sir Curtius Hassell and Mr. Leo Maitland are guests at the Deanery. Both are devoted to Lisa, but Maitland, who is the son of Mrs. Chester's solicitor, is regarded only with loathing.

To Lisa's horror he indicates to her that he knows all about her marriage with the convict.

"What do you think would happen if I went to-night and told Dean Chester," he leans. "But I won't do that, Lisa," he continues, "I love you too well for that."

He would have taken her in his arms, but, half-maddened with fear and anger, she lifts a riding-crop, strikes him heavily across the face, and flies from the room.

Ten o'clock! Bentley is stealing into the Deanery billiard-room!

Heavens! What is that? A man lies face downwards in a pool of blood. It is Maitland.

A girl kneels beside him with an upraised club in her hand. It is Lisa.

The room fills with people.

Appearances are against the girl; but Bentley determines to save her. Stepping into the middle of the room he cries: "I killed that man!"

Lisa rises, but falls into the arms of Sir Curtius, who supports her to the door.

The look they give each other confirms the doubts that have tortured Bentley during his long solitary imprisonment. Lisa has forgotten him; she has learnt to love another.

Roused by this thought he makes a sudden burst for liberty, dashes across the Deanery grounds and plunges into the flooded river, in which his pursuers conclude he is drowned.

But Hugo Bentley is not drowned. The son of a former Dean of Salehurst, he knows that a subterranean passage exists on the other side leading to the village common.

A powerful swimmer, he succeeds in making his way across, and rambling through the passage falls among gipsies by whom he is succoured.

What with this shock, the unexpected appearance of Bentley, his confession of the crime, his escape, and his reported death by drowning, none is more deeply moved than Lisa.

Sir Curtius seeks to cheer her with renewed protestations of his love. With the consent of the Dean and Mrs. Chester he, a few days later, asks her to be his wife.

"Ah, don't ask me to promise yet," she sighs.

She longs to surrender herself, but is afraid. If she could only be certain that Hugo Bentley is dead!

But opposition to the wooing suddenly comes from another quarter.

The drunken, lying, vulgar-minded widow of the brother of Sir Curtius intervenes.

"So it's true what I heard—you're thinking of getting married, and to Miss Lisa Nairn, too. Isn't it a funny time for her to be billing and cooing?"

"Be silent," cries Hassell. "I forbid you to mention the name of the lady who is to be my wife."

"So, I'm not good enough to take her high mightiness's name on my lips, aren't I? I wonder what she will say when I tell her what I know, Sir Curtius Hassell. When I tell her the true story of the scene that took place on a certain night in the billiard-room of the Deanery. When I tell her the truth about the man she loves. When I tell her who murdered Leo Maitland!"

CHAPTER TWELVE.

The Fruit of Her Waiting.

"I WONDER what she will say when I go to her and tell her what I know—the true story of the scene in the billiard room of the Deanery . . . the truth about the man she loves? When I tell her who murdered Leo Maitland?"

The woman's voice rang stridently through the quiet, dimly lighted room, and instinctively Curtius Hassell raised his hand with a gesture to enjoin silence. His face had paled a little, as the faces of some men pale with anger, and his grey eyes had contracted and darkened.

The sight of this woman, the sound of her raucous voice with its lisp, and a suspicion of an Irish brogue in its tones, breaking in suddenly on the memory of Lisa's voice, on the sanctuary of his memories of her, roused him to a sense of furious anger.

He had always disliked intensely the woman whom circumstances compelled him at times to see, this woman calling herself Mrs. Haste, who was in reality the wife of his dead younger brother Francis, but in this moment the feeling was nearer hatred than dislike.

The woman misinterpreted his silence.

"So that silences you, does it?" she cried, with a brazen laugh. "I thought it would. You so jolly well felt certain of yourself, didn't you? Dead men tell no tales, you said to yourself . . . but you reckoned without the living woman . . ." She shrank back with the instinctive cringing movement of one whose nerves are on wires, as Hassell made a step towards her. "Ah, you'd like to silence me as you silenced him, wouldn't you? But I'm not afraid of you . . . and it would do you no good, let me tell you . . . there are those who will carry on the game if I am snuffed out."

"I certainly intend to silence you," Hassell said in a tense voice. "I have told you before that I would not have you coming here and creating scandalous scenes in your drunken folly. For Jack's sake I have stood much from you in the past, but this is beyond pardon. Not your infamous suggestions—those are merely laughable—but your affronts, your insolence in coming here to-night. You must leave the house now, and to-morrow I shall take steps through my solicitors to safeguard myself against such visits as these in the future."

Hassell's voice was low and cold, the voice of an intensely angry but not of a frightened man. The woman laughed again, but perhaps there was a shade less assurance in her laugh, and she moved with a swagger that was obviously self-conscious towards the low, carved table standing between the cushioned settle and the fire, where the decanters and the syphons in their silver baskets were.

"You must excuse me helping myself," she said, as she poured out a finger of brandy and drank it off neat, "but you're so jolly inhospitable, one has to show that one's at home."

She glanced at Hassell over the rim of her glass—a malicious glance out of her long, evil eyes.

"Well, you're a game 'un, Curtius; I'll say so much for you. More pluck about you than your poor brother had. But don't be too cock o'hoop. . . . It's just possible you may find yourself visiting your solicitors in real earnest; or, say, 'would be they visiting you, though, wouldn't it? They don't grant bail to a murder suspect?'"

Hassell turned towards the fireplace and laid his fingers upon one of the bells let into a boss in the carving of the ornate mantelpiece.

"Put on your hat and draw yourself together," he commanded sternly. "I am going to ring for a conveyance to take you to the station. I trust you have enough self-respect left not to make it necessary for me to ask my servants to eject you forcibly!"

If it was his purpose or his need to infuriate the woman—to blind her to all prudence by the fury of anger, he could not have been more successful. She dashed the tumbler on the table with a violence that shattered the fragile glass and a word that sounded ugly even on her painted lips.

"You needn't think you're going to hoodwink me with your infernal coolness!" she cried furiously.

"You . . . to dare to order me out of your house! Who are you to order any decent woman out of your house—or to invite one to enter it, for the matter of that? You—you murderer, that I saw strike the man down! Have a care, or without option I'll let the world know what these eyes saw!"

"I am quite aware that you have a marvellous flow of vituperation at your command," Hassell said suavely. "You have treated me to it on more occasions than one. But if you are in a condition to reflect, I would ask you to do so now on the wisdom of provoking me to really lose my temper. Do you in sober truth wish me to understand that you have come here to-night to accuse me of the murder of Mr. Maitland?"

The woman gave a little gasp of anger.

"Yes," she said with an effort and a certain mimicry of his own manner, "that is what you are to understand."

"May I ask upon what you base your accusation?" The anger was gone from the man's voice now; it was replaced by suavity, that suavity which in some natures means so much more than coldness or cutting words.

"Accusation—that's your own word," she said. "What I came here to-night for in good will was to tell you—what family interests prompted me not to keep to myself—that by a fortuitous chance I happened to be crossing the grounds of the Deanery here on the night of March the fifteenth. Why or wherefore, that's my own business at present; perhaps in good time you'll hear that, too. What concerns you is that in passing the verandah steps that lead to the billiard-room I had the curiosity to steal up and watch. . . . I heard your voice, and I saw—My God . . . it makes me sick even now to think of what I saw."

She reeled a little, her hands to her face, her fingers interlaced against her eyes, and Hassell, with an impassive glance at her, broke out with a sudden touch of impatience:

"Then why, may I ask, have you waited so long before acquainting the world with the result of your observation? You should have gone to the police with the story on the night of the fifteenth—not waited till to-night . . . to tell it to me."

"And if I had gone to the police," she cried in an angry voice, lowering her hands and staring at him—"if I had gone to the police, my dear brother-in-law, where would you be to-night?"

"Where?" He glanced at his watch. "These problems you are so fond of springing on one! Dressing for dinner probably, as I should be doing now." He glanced at the face of his watch and looked up with a smile, the first that had crossed his face to-night. "I don't wish to hurry you unduly, but what is your train, and how do you propose reaching the station? I'm afraid I shall have to be off almost immediately—I am dining out to-night."

"I am not returning to town," she said sullenly. "I am staying in Salehurst at present, so time's immaterial to me; but before I leave this house we must come to some understanding, you and I."

Hassell drew out his watch again.

"I can give you exactly ten minutes—not very long, I fear—for us to probe into each other's personalities. At the expiration of that time you will take the carriage I am about to order, and drive to the station, where you will with ease catch the seven-thirty train for London." Hassell's voice was more than suave, it was bland, as he looked up from the watch he held in his hand and met the woman's furious eyes with a pleasant smile.

"Don't you ring that bell—don't you dare to ring that bell!" she said in a low voice. "And I shall stay in Salehurst as long as I please and visit this house as often as I please—and you will pay me the respect and instruct your servants to treat me with the respect due to me as your brother's wife. For the tables are turned, my dear Curtius, and it is I who hold the secret now—the ugly, naked secret with its hand on the lever that turns the rack of fear—and you may bluff as much as you like; bluff's the only game one can play when one's cornered, but there's no use your playing it with me. I know, d'ye see? I know."

"Believe me, I have not the slightest curiosity regarding your knowledge of—something hardly pleasant, from your manner of asserting it," Hassell said in a lazy voice, but he did not touch the bell on which his fingers had hovered; he bent over the great silver cedar-lined box on the table near her and took a cigarette.

"All I know"—he had struck a match, and paused now to look at her across the flame—"is—what seems to have escaped your memory—that a man, an escaped convict of known and desperate character, deliberately gave himself up for the murder of Mr. Maitland, thereby effectually disposing of any mystery, except the eternal mystery of human motive. If you will consider this fact for a moment you will surely see how exceedingly futile from every point of view this accusation your malice has prompted you to come and throw at me is."

He looked at her with the air of a man who reasons gently with an obstinate child, and for a moment something in his eyes seemed to hold her dumb.

"Of course," he added pleasantly, "if it would ease your mind to go to the police, by all means do so. Yet I venture with very fair certainty to prophesy the reception your 'I saw and I saw' will receive. And for your own sake, Nellie, and because you are Jack's mother, I advise you not to go to the police."

"You advise me!" she cried passionately. "You—"

"Yes. The police have evinced—surely recent events must have shown you that?—an uncommonly inconvenient knack of probing into the pasts of witnesses, voluntary or otherwise," Hassell said significantly. "You yourself are the best judge of how far your own would stand vivisection."

Their eyes met—eyes of woman and man held for a moment in the thrall of emotion impossible now to dissemble—and with a fierce gesture she flung out her hand; its heavily-ringed fingers grazed his face.

"You beast!" she cried hysterically. "You beast! But for that you had nearly convinced me . . . in spite of what my own eyes saw . . . you had nearly convinced me."

This time Hassell's fingers pressed the bell they sought, then he wiped the blood that started from the scratch her rings had made on his face.

"You will regret this visit, not once, but all your life," he said, with sullen anger, "and—through you—your son may have cause to regret it."

"And I—am I to be silent?" she screamed furiously. Then her voice sank, half abased in spite of herself, as the door of the library swung open to admit the servants Hassell's bell had summoned.

(Continued on page 17.)

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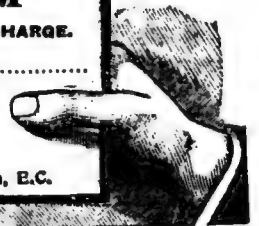
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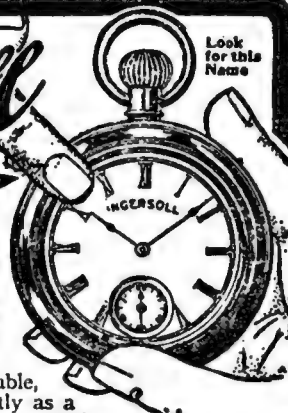
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THE WINE OF LONELINESS. (Continued
from page 14.)

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

The Disquietude of the Dean.

THE Dean of Salehurst, pacing up and down the gravel walk of the shrubbery, stopped suddenly, his hands thrust into the woollen girdle of the cassock he wore, and turned to survey the steps which led to the verandah outside the billiard-room.

The window itself, tightly closed and with drawn blinds, seemed a desolate blot on the eminently cheerful aspect of the low, straggling house, about which already a yellow-eyed creeper was beginning to show itself among the bare stems of the roses and the tangle of wisteria vines that clambered over the grey building.

No one would ever again use the billiard-room as a place of innocent recreation while Dr. Chester was master of the Deanery; to him it was as a place accursed, and already arrangements were being made for the enlarging and converting of a room at the extreme end of the house for a similar purpose, so that the very remembrance of this ill-fated apartment might be forgotten as speedily as possible.

But the outside of the place fascinated the Dean. The tangle of the shrubbery, where the murderer had waited—waited, so he thought, like a wild beast in his jungle ready to spring—the blind-eyed look of the window, with its emphasising hint of mystery, both made an appeal to him, an appeal which he resented even while he was unable to resist it.

With a sigh, the Dean turned his back on the house and continued his walk through the shrubbery.

It was a March day masquerading as May, with a high blue sky flecked by white clouds and a warm, brilliant sun.

It had rained in the morning—soft spring rain—and the sun was drawing a delicious scent from the earth. The air was full of a balmy suggestion of mysterious, hidden working life that stirred one with vague desires for the sea and a free stretch of open country.

Xavier Chester was conscious of none of the joy, but felt only the melancholy of Spring working in his heart; half unconsciously his thoughts lighted on Keble's lines on the sadness of Spring, the choking sweetness of the first flowers, and he repeated them to himself as he went.

"I, too, could sigh and 'half could wish my weariness were death,'" he told himself.

It seemed to him as though an atmosphere of mystery still clung about the Deanery, some tainting fumes of that ugly mystery surrounding Leo Maitland's death. For to the Dean, whatever the world might think—however clear the solution might appear to the police—it was a mystery, the manner in which his guest had met his death.

The more he thought of it the more strange the connection between these two dead men—Hugo Bentley, the convict, and Maitland, the lawyer—became to Dr. Chester. What had been the bond of hatred between them—between this convict and the young lawyer, who had drawn upon the confidence of two unknown women and a man in prison to point a moral to a dinner-table argument?

As he had told Sir Curtius Hassell he intended to do, the Dean had mentioned the subject of the story Leo Maitland had told to old Mr. Maitland after the funeral, and the lawyer had appeared to be startled out of his habitual composure for the moment, out of the stony indifference to the world about him which seemed to have fallen over him like a veil since his son's death.

"Leo told you that story?" he cried in an incredulous voice. "Then God forgive him, for it was a wicked thing to do—a cruel and a wicked thing to do, Dr. Chester. Dead though he be, I say that!"

And then later, in answer to the Dean's question as to whether it would be possible to aid or help the ladies of whom Leo had spoken—help them anonymously, using the lawyer himself as a mouthpiece—the old man had burst out vehemently:

"No, no! The ladies are well; they have come off better than they deserved to do—than they ought ever to have hoped to do. And, for Heaven's sake, let me very earnestly beg of you to let sleeping dogs lie! Do not seek to probe into this matter, my dear Dean, for it is not a pleasant matter, and is better buried."

"Not a pleasant matter, and better buried."

The Dean thought over these words as he walked slowly through the shrubbery, wondering within himself at the curious coincidence which had led the lawyer to repeat almost verbatim advice given on the same subject by a very different man—Sir Curtius Hassell.

"Could Hassell have been in Leo's confidence?" he asked himself. "Did he speak out of the fulness of some ugly knowledge? . . . Certainly his manner when I spoke of the matter that afternoon seemed to me a trifle constrained."

His pangs had brought him to the confines of the shrubbery; beyond, the path branched out to wider, more open ways leading to the smooth lawn which stretched in front of the house. But the Dean turned back, retracing his steps, for he did not yet feel in a mood for company.

He walked slowly, trying by an effort of will to forget the inward conflict of his thoughts, to soothe his mind, and brush away certain ugly suspicions which would obtrude themselves in it. His hands were still clasped behind his back, and, from the habit of a lifetime, his eyes scrutinised the grass and shrubs on either side of the path.

The hyacinths were beginning to push themselves through the grass; soon this almost gloomy place would be carpeted in a glory of colour—mauve and white and pink.

Actually, he believed, they were beginning to show colour; he stepped delicately across the damp grass to verify his

belief, and bent down to examine the heavy, spear-like heads, noting their various stages of development with a childlike pleasure. He was very proud of the bulbs which succeeded each other so rapidly in this semi-wild spot—the snowdrops and crocuses, the daffodils and hyacinths; proudest of these last, perhaps, because it was more or less of a triumph for them to succeed so well in such over-shadowed ground.

Then, as he raised himself slowly from his stooping posture, the lines of his thin body stiffened like that of a dog which scents game—stiffened at the sight of something which hung protruding slightly from the foliage of a giant yew tree immediately in front of him, its foliage so dark and funereal as to be hardly distinguishable from the thing which had caught his eye—a black woollen tassel.

The Dean was conscious of a curious feeling at his heart as he raised his hand and touched the small mass of sodden wool. It came easily at his touch, carrying something with it—a thick black cord—and that curious tightening at the Dean's heart was intensified; the cord was fellow to the one round his own waist at the moment.

He recognised that at once; it was the woollen girdle of a cassock, and at the same moment, by some curious instinct which was altogether outside his reason, he knew also that this was not the only strange fruit which the yew-tree bore. The cassock to which the girdle belonged was there also. An instant's search revealed it caught among the thick branches of the tree, so strong that they hardly bowed beneath its weight.

The Dean drew the mass of thick black cloth from the tree with an effort and dropped it on the grass. For a second or two he stood staring down at it with abstracted eyes, his thoughts moving in rapid conjecture. Who had used this arboreal wardrobe, and why? And to whom had the cassock originally belonged? It was a clerical cassock, so the girdle told him, and his imagination faltered at the thought of the actual owner of it, probably one of the canons or minor canons of the Cathedral, treating a semi-sacred garment with so much disregard.

Rather gingerly, almost as though he feared that it might reveal some new and ugly secret, Dr. Chester bent down and shook out its dank folds. Search revealed that its pockets were empty, but on a small linen tab sewn in the neckband he read the name of the owner of the garment—and it was his own.

Although he felt now that from the first he had a suspicion that this cassock so strangely concealed in a tree in this secluded spot was his own, the Dean was conscious of a sensation of chill, something that was almost a premonition of evil.

What did it mean? Who had concealed this thing here? Instinctively his eyes glanced towards the steps up which the murderer had crept. Was there any connection between the finding of this thing and the man who had lurked hidden among the trees? "God help me, I hope not!" said the Dean. His face was very stern as he gathered the damp serge robe hastily together and moved towards the house. Whatever investigation might disclose of horror or unpleasantness, this was eminently a matter which admitted of no delay, and he must set inquiries on foot at once.

At the corner of the shrubbery, as he turned sharply, he came face to face with his secretary, evidently come from the house in search of him, and with a certain air of embarrassment the Dean endeavoured to adjust the cassock he carried more discreetly over his arm, for in a half-amused way he was always conscious of the secret disapproval of his secretary. He was aware now that the young man's pale eyes regarded the bundle he carried with more disapprobation than curiosity.

"Ah, Walton, you look severe! Did you think I was playing truant?" he asked. "As a matter of fact, I should have been ready for you some minutes ago, only for a curious happening, an exceedingly curious happening."

The secretary smiled in a resigned way, but evinced no interest: impassiveness was his pose, and he sustained it very well, being by nature a cold-blooded young man.

"Oh, no, sir!" he said. "I was waiting for you, of course, at the appointed hour, but I came to look for you because the Superior of St. Cross has called—he's waiting in the library. Father Tarn is with him."

A singular look crossed the Dean's face.

"Father Holland and Father Tarn! What a curious coincidence!" he murmured, and he did not speak again till they reached the house. At the door of the library he turned to his secretary with an air of dismissal.

"I shall probably not be very long, Walton," he said, "but I may want you before Father Holland is gone, so don't be out of earshot, like a dear chap."

The library door closed, and Mr. Walton turned back across the hall with a certain sense of injury rankling in his mind.

As a rule, he was present when the Dean had visitors, unless the interview was of a definitely private character, and he resented this exclusion very particularly. He felt an almost womanish curiosity regarding these monkish visitors, and yearned to sit in spirit at the feet of the Prior of St. Cross, to, in the manner of speaking, touch the hem of the garment of Father Tarn, the strange, silent man, who yet in the pulpit was so full of golden eloquence.

He shrugged his shoulders as he went, realising a swift mental picture of the Dean as he must have presented himself to his visitors, his face slightly soiled as by the contact of damp fingers, clutching awkwardly on his arm some hunched-up bundle of damp clothing.

"He so sadly lacks dignity," he said to himself. "Really it is providential to think that a Dean is rarely promoted. What a sadly unpicturesque prelate dear Dr. Chester would make!"

He paused irresolute by the great open fireplace, feeling like a schoolboy who has been ignored by his elders, and as he stood turning over the leaves of a magazine which lay on one of the great settles he heard the rustle of a woman's skirts behind him, and then his name spoken softly by Lisa Nairn's voice.

He turned with a smile. Theoretically his disapproval of the Dean's wife extended to the Dean's wife's

daughter, but in practice it was very difficult to disapprove of Miss Nairn, with her beauty and soft charm and appealing ways.

"Someone is with the Dean," she said in a rather tremulous voice. "I saw someone go into the library a little while ago. Who was it, Mr. Walton?"

Her face was very white, and her eyes shone; she looked amazingly fragile in the black dress which was her almost habitual wear just now. It occurred to Mr. Walton that in these last few weeks the Dean's step-daughter had changed, that she looked ill and indefinitely older. He wondered, as such natures as his are prone to wonder, if all were clear sailing in this engagement of hers, and if she found Sir Curtius Hassell as desirable as a lover as he was eligible as a husband.

"Father Holland, the Superior of the Monastery of St. Cross, and Father Tarn are with Dr. Chester," he said. "Father Tarn is looking horribly ill even yet, but it's delightful to see him about again," he added gushingly.

"The Superior of St. Cross," repeated the girl in a hushed voice. "What does he want, Mr. Walton? What can he possibly want?"

The secretary's pale eyes rested on her with some amazement.

"Really, Miss Nairn—" he began, when the shrilling of an electric bell sounded loudly through the hall. "The Dean requires me," he said; "that is his bell."

"Mr. Walton"—Lisa's hand was laid pleadingly on his arm—"tell me what they have come about . . . these men?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, I assure you, Miss Nairn," he said. "I am not in the Dean's confidence." He felt a thrill of self-importance as he said this. It was so gratifying to feel her voice quiver with anxiety and to be able to disappoint her.

Lisa's eyes followed him as he went across to the library, then as the door closed behind him she stole across to it.

Inside in the great book-lined room three grave-faced men waited for him. Father John Holland, the Superior of the Monastery of St. Cross, was a man who would have been noticeable in any dress, but was very specially so in the spare black serge habit he wore. He was tall and splendidly made, though thin, with a strongly-marked, aquiline face and a splendidly-shaped head. People said he was like the busts of Julius Caesar, but his face had none of the cold, cruel lines of the great conqueror, and his eyes were very beautiful and very kind.

"Mr. Walton," the Dean said in a troubled voice, "I wonder if you can help me? Father Holland has just told me a very amazing fact—that there is no such father among his community as Father Bernard Maddison, the priest who preached for us on the occasion of the Salehurst procession. Now, as you know, we were all under the impression that Father Bernard Maddison was sent to take the place of Father Tarn."

He indicated Father Tarn with a half-unconscious gesture of his hand, and Mr. Walton's pale eyes wandered to the tall, spare man, whose dark, heavy face and dull eyes gave no indication of the ardour that glowed beneath them.

"No such person as Father Bernard Maddison?" stammered the secretary rather foolishly. "But he preached, sir."

"Yes; that is the point. Who was it that preached?" broke in Father Holland. "I trust that no sacrilege has been done, for surely no honest man would represent himself as belonging to a community which knew nothing of him."

"I know nothing about the matter," Mr. Walton hastened to declare, a little intimidated by the steady eyes of the tall monk. "I was not even present at the sermon; Canon Tenterden arranged all the details concerning that. You yourself gave the matter into his hands, sir," he added, turning to the Dean.

"Then I should suggest that Canon Tenterden be questioned without delay," said Father Tarn, speaking for the first time. "Shall we go to him, Father?"

The Superior of St. Cross looked at the Dean, whose face was full of distress—distress which, despite Mr. Walton's mental criticisms, gave him a strange dignity.

"Perhaps, Mr. Walton, you will be kind enough to ask Canon Tenterden to come and speak to us here?" the Dean said, glancing at the clock. "You will probably catch him just as he is going to the Cathedral. Arrange for one of the other canons to take his place. This is a matter that admits of no delay. Really, Father Holland, I am more disturbed in mind than I can tell you. Of course, we must not think the worst, but, God help me, I am afraid—a afraid to let my thoughts carry me where they would."

In a very short time Canon Tenterden arrived, flushed and obviously disturbed, his sandy hair ruffled with the wind of his speeding across the gravelled quadrangle of the close.

He greeted the monks with his usual effusion, after a ceremonious bow to the Dean, and burst into a voluble explanation.

"Really, Dr. Chester, I know nothing of the matter—absolutely nothing!" he said.

"But you must know something," the Dean said sternly. "This so-called Father Maddison lunched with you, was your guest; you escorted him to the Cathedral, and he left it, after the service, with you. Where did he come from? How did he introduce himself to you?"

"He did not introduce himself to me," Canon Tenterden said in a tone of indignation. "Really, Dr. Chester, you surprise me! I know nothing whatever about this man. I—I disliked and distrusted him . . . but naturally, as he was introduced to me by Mrs. Chester, who told me that he was the substitute for Father Tarn, I accepted him without demur."

"Mrs. Chester introduced him as my substitute?" said Father Tarn in a startled voice, and it seemed that a little hush fell on the library. The Dean's face paled.

"Certainly she did," Canon Tenterden said in a somewhat aggressive voice. "I found Father Maddison already with her in the Gasquet Chantry of the Cathedral."

(Another instalment next week.)

THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Cucumber

Is excellent, if cut in half-inch slices, floured, and fried a light brown. Season with pepper and salt and serve very hot.

An Elegant Fruit Tart.

Bake an ordinary fruit tart, and when it is cold cut a large piece out of the top crust, leaving little more than the outer edge. Whip cream slightly coloured with cochineal till very stiff (or make a thick custard) and pile it on the fruit where the crust was. Scatter a little pink sugar over all and serve.

Hake Pie.

Grease a pie-dish and fill it with alternate layers of hake steaks, cut half an inch thick and freed from skin and bone, and seasonings. Pour some good gravy over all, and bake for half an hour in a steady oven. The seasoning should be prepared with breadcrumbs and sweet herbs, chopped onions, parsley, pepper and salt to taste.

Milk Jelly.

Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a little cold water till soft, then add one pint of sweetened milk, and cook gently, adding half the rind of a small lemon. When all is dissolved, strain the milk into a jug, stir at intervals till nearly cold. Place in a wet mould and set aside till cold. Serve with fresh or stewed fruit.

Browning for Gravy

Is easily made. Melt an ounce of dripping in a frying pan, and add to it half a pound of brown sugar; stir with an iron spoon till it becomes a good dark colour, but do not let it burn. Gradually add about one pint of boiling water, some pepper and salt. When cold pour into a bottle and use as required. (Reply to AMATEUR.)

Spatchcock Rabbit.

Skin, draw, and clean a young rabbit. Cut it open all down its length, lay it on a board and skewer well to keep it flat. Season with pepper and salt, and fry in six ounces of fat till it is three-parts cooked. Take up the rabbit, drain it, and when cold brush over with egg and breadcrumbs, and put into a brisk oven to bake till it is nicely browned. Serve with a garnish of pickle and good brown gravy.

Buttered Macaroni

Is so simple and yet a very delicious dish. Try it and I am sure you will be pleased. Boil four ounces of macaroni in salted water till tender, then drain. Put half an ounce of butter into a hot soup plate, place the macaroni in it, work it over and over with two forks till properly mixed. Scatter grated cheese over, and a light dusting of cayenne pepper, and serve. (Reply to MARJORIE.)

Dried Tongues.

The reason that you do not like your dried tongues is evidently that you do not understand how to cook them. Put them into warm water, and let them soak for at least twenty-four hours. Then boil very slowly with a bouquet of sweet herbs, some bay leaves and spices in the water. When cooked, place the tongues on a board; put them into a good shape with a skewer through the tip and another through the root to keep them in position. (Reply to HELEN.)

Risotto.

Wash and dry two ounces of Patna rice, melt one ounce of butter. When hot, add a small onion finely chopped; let it cook a little, add the rice, and fry for a few minutes without burning. Moisten with rich stock, cook gently till almost dry, add two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce and a seasoning of nutmeg, pepper and salt. Simmer all for a quarter of an hour longer; lastly add one ounce more butter and one ounce of grated cheese. After a few minutes the rice will be ready to serve with cutlets, kidneys, etc.

Sherbet

Is a refreshing summer drink, and if you make it at home is not expensive. Take fourteen ounces and a half of caster sugar, three ounces and a half of bi-carbonate of soda, twelve grains of powdered orange peel, twelve drops of essence of cedrat, four ounces of tartaric acid. The powders must be well mixed and then passed through a sieve till thoroughly blended. To use, put two teaspoonfuls of the sherbet into a tumbler about three parts full of cold water. (Reply to MATE.)

IN BLUE SICILIAN.



Coat.—No 17884. Paper Pattern, 6jd.
Skirt.—No 17885. Paper Pattern, 6jd.
Complete Costume, 10jd., post free, from
Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings,
Henrietta St., London, W.C.

ANYTHING more accommodating than the pretty costume shown in designs, No. 17884 and 17885, it is hard to imagine, for it could be carried out in linen or woollen equally well. I have a decided leaning myself to alpaca or Sicilian, not only because they look bright and smart, but because Fashion favours them just now. And when one can be up-to-date and economical at the same time, why not do it?

The seven-gore skirt will take five yards of forty-six inch material, and the coat runs into another two and a half yards, making seven and a half yards for the complete costume, although possibly, if you are short, you may be able to effect a slight saving, as our estimate is for a skirt forty-two inches in length.

The skirt is unlined but not so the coat, the make of which will probably surprise you a little. The two pleats on either side of the centre, back and front, are incorporated in the coat itself and do not, as one might surmise, mark the outer edge of the front and back portions. However, if you cannot manage the fitting as easily as you would wish, there is no bar to your slitting up the material here, after the tucking is done, and taking in the fronts a little there, instead of reducing it wholly at the under arm.

Shape and press your straps with a hot iron, ere tacking and machining them on to the skirt.

HINTS ABOUT LACE.

To prevent white lace from turning yellow, lay the lace in a box and sprinkle magnesia over it and into the folds. The magnesia can easily be shaken out when the lace is used.

White cotton laces should be washed in a warm lather, or, if very dirty, they may be boiled; then pinned down on an ironing board to dry.

White silk lace that has turned yellow should be soaked in milk for twelve hours, and then treated like cotton lace.

Lace handkerchiefs should be washed in warm water and a little ammonia, with Castile soap. Of course, they should not be ironed, but placed on a smooth surface, pulled out, and when nearly dry folded and placed under a heavy weight.

FOR SENSITIVE LOVERS.

No end of trouble between lovers, whether engaged or securely tied in the bonds of matrimony, is caused by touchiness, which they prefer to designate as "sensitiveness," a sensitiveness which implies so great and tender care for their own feelings and prejudices as to preclude all consideration for those of other people.

It never should be forgotten that love is the sweetest and most blessed gift of God to mortals, a treasure which should be kept free from selfishness, and from sordid ambitions: for, as hath been well said, "The god of love is a jealous god, and gives to drink of the blessed water of life and happiness only to those who in truth and unselfishness worship humbly at his shrine." When such worship cannot be given, it is far better to render none.

ARTIFICIAL DIMPLES.

DIMPLES can actually be made by surgical operation. Often it is too difficult to make a dimple by compression, and a more elaborate method is necessary.

The operation is like this. The doctor selects a spot upon the middle of the chin, just where a muscle can be reached. With a slender, sharp instrument he digs a hole in the muscle. It is a small muscle and the cut is a tiny one. But it does the work. The muscle is cut and the skin is then covered with antiseptic gauze and allowed to heal. When it is well again there will be a pronounced dimple which will remain for ever.

A dimple is really a scar caused by a defective muscle. But it is a becoming scar. Nature implants it in many a chin. But when she does not do so, the scar or dimple is easily made. In the hands of a good surgeon there will be no exterior scar, but merely the dimple. The outside will heal smooth, even, and beautiful, and surgical dimples are in all cases permanent and more satisfactory than forced depressions.

All Cyclists should read . . .

CYCLING NOTES

by F. PERCY LOW, appearing in the London

Daily Express

every Saturday.

The "Daily Express" is London's Great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper, and is on Sale Everywhere.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

To Remove Fruit Stains.

Moisten them and hold over the fumes of a burning brimstone match.

To Darken Brown Boots.

Put the boots on trees, wash them with saddle soap, having a little soda dissolved in the water. Do not make the leather very wet; then dry in the air and polish with any good (dark coloured) dressing. (Reply to THOS. T., Llanelly.)

Egg Julep

Is a very favourite preparation for cleansing the hair. It is quite simply made, being composed of soft soap and rain water, made into a lather, a teaspoonful of powdered borax, a little oil, and a small quantity of spirits of camphor. (Reply to TASMANIAN READER.)

Hay Fever.

A person suffering from this tiresome malady should inhale the vapour of a pint of hot water to which ten drops of creosote have been added. Relief may also be obtained by spraying the nostrils with a solution of quinine—two grains to one ounce of water. (Reply to ARTHUR.)

To Keep Flies Away.

Nearly every household is at this period of the year bothered by flies. Therefore, housekeepers will be glad to know that mignonette planted in boxes on the window-sills will keep flies away as effectually as wire screens. Geraniums, I am told, have the same effect.

Linoleum

Which has been badly treated and allowed to become discoloured can be rendered almost as good as new if well rubbed with flannel dipped in paraffin. Take a nail brush and scrub stained parts and the stains will disappear. Afterwards polish with beeswax and turpentine, and you will be pleased with the result.

A Simple Way to Clean Lace

Is to spread it on paper, cover it with calcined magnesia, put another paper on the top of it, and press it between the leaves of a book. Leave the lace for a day or two, when the lace will be found looking fresh and clean. This mode of cleaning may be practised on the most valuable lace without the smallest fear of injuring it. (Reply to BEVERLIE.)

A Very Simple Change.—Food Cured Where Drugs Failed to Give Relief.

A Cornish woman who for months was more or less delirious through sheer physical weakness, traces her complete recovery from this distressing state to the highly nourishing properties of the digestible Grape-Nuts Food.

"I was a great sufferer," she writes, "from lightness in the head, and grew so bad that it was not safe for me to remain in a room alone. I went to the Truro Infirmary as an out-patient for 13 weeks, and was afterwards treated by a Truro doctor for 9 more weeks, but after all this I was no better than I had been before consulting anyone."

"At last I decided to try Grape-Nuts, and after taking the first packet I found myself a little better. I have taken a packet of this nourishing food every week since, and now, after the end of my first six months on Grape-Nuts, I have not the least symptom of lightness in the head. Instead, I have changed from a confirmed invalid to a strong, robust woman, thanks to Grape-Nuts Food. I would not be without Grape-Nuts now on any consideration, and I have advised it strongly to my friends, many of whom already speak highly of the nourishing properties of this delicious food."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Grape-Nuts contains in a very digestible form all the nourishing substances in best wheat and barley, and among these are the minute particles of phosphate of potash which steadily and surely rebuilds the grey matter in nerve and brain cells. There is no other food so strengthening to nerve and brain as Grape-Nuts.

There's a reason for Grape-Nuts. See the "Road to Wellville" in each packet.

For tea and supper Grape-Nuts Biscuits and Wafers are delicious. Ask the grocer for them.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, truthful, and full of human interest.

KEATING'S POWDER

KILLS

**BUGS
FLEAS
MOTHS
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MOSQUITOS**

TINS 3^d 6^d & 1^l. FILLED BELLOWS 9^d

TO GET RID OF **Worms in Children**

It is a perfectly
safe and mild
preparation.

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Keating's Worm Tablets

Sold in Tins, 1s. 11d. each, or free by post, 15 Stamps from
KEATING, Chemist, LONDON.

The only certain
remedy for
INTESTINAL or
THREAD WORMS

FESTERING SORES

THE EFFECTS OF A SEVERE SCALD.

Zam-Buk Perfectly Cures.



Mrs. Lloyd.

THE experience of Mrs. David Lloyd, of 14 Lime St., Bredbury, Cheshire, shows the importance of being prepared to meet all sudden emergencies with Zam-Buk, the world's greatest healer and skin-cure.

"I was lifting a pan of boiling water off the fire," Mrs. Lloyd said to a local reporter, "when the pan slipped and the water splashed over my foot, scalding it very severely. My husband promptly applied flour to my foot, and covered it with bandages. Next morning my foot was very swollen and inflamed, and covered by a large blister. Thinking it might do it good, my husband pricked the blister twice, but the result was that three large festering sores appeared in the places he had pricked."

"I tried various remedies, but my foot continued to get worse, and the swelling increased. The foot turned very black, and was an awful sight. I had to be carried upstairs and assisted to bed every night, and the awful scalding pain prevented me from getting any sleep. As I found that the foot did not mend, and that the swelling was spreading up the leg, I sent for a doctor; but though I used plenty of his ointment my foot continued to swell, and the sores got worse."

"At last, when I had been in this state for about eight weeks, I read about a similar case to mine that had been cured by Zam-Buk, and at once sent for a box. I dressed the injured foot with Zam-Buk, and went to bed. Zam-Buk took the sting out of the pain, and for the first time in eight weeks I got a good night's rest."

"Next morning I noticed a decided improvement, so I continued the treatment. The pain gradually died away, the discoloration disappeared, and the swelling subsided, until the foot was reduced to its normal size, and was perfectly cured. There isn't the slightest sign of any of the effects of the scalding now."

FREE!

Send this Coupon with a penny stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds, who will promptly send you a dainty sample box. *Pearson's Weekly, July 2, '08*

Zam-Buk



The Pick of the Bunch

Plantol Soap may well be called the "Pick of the Bunch." IT REALLY IS SO, for it embodies the choicest essences of Flowers and Fruit.

No better soap could be used.

No gentler soap can be found.

For the Toilet.

PLANTOL SOAP

If your dealer does not stock Plantol Soap, no doubt he will do so at your request. It will pay him, for once you have tried Plantol you will always use it.

GUARANTEED FREE FROM ANIMAL FATS.

Floral Bouquet, 6d. and 3d.; Natural Bouquet, 4d. and 2d.

POP THE QUESTION HERE



A Rhyme-sticking Question.

I THOUGHT that the instructions given in connection with Rhyme-sticks were quite plain, but, apparently, I was too optimistic. D. I. N., at all events, is in doubt on one rather important point. "Is it necessary," he asks, "that any particular order should be observed in selecting the sticks? The colours are in a certain order in the box when purchased, and I should be much obliged to know, on behalf of a large number of P.W. readers, if it is necessary that this order should be adhered to."

The answer is a capital NO, D. I. N. You may select a line on any rhyme-stick you like to begin the verse, and you may place any one of the remaining sticks underneath it, and so on, until you have completed the poem. The rhyme-sticks are placed in the box in no particular order, and you can shift them and twiddle them about as much as you please. The one point to remember is that you have to arrange them in such a manner as to make a bright, smart, and intelligent verse—the brighter, the smarter, and more intelligent it is the more likely you are to get a prize.

Puzzled and His Perfume.

MOST of us have our private troubles, but I fancy that PUZZLED's complaint is unique. "Do people ever exhale perfume?" he asks. "We read that 'the perfume of her hair intoxicated him,' but that is in books. I never use scent or perfume of any kind; in fact, I object to men using it, and yet girls are constantly saying to me: 'What a lovely scent you use!' On my declaring that I never use any, they simply won't believe me, but insist on burying their noses in my coat." At first sight, I should put you down as rather a fortunate young man, PUZZLED, but I suppose that such an experience, if constantly repeated, would get on one's nerves after a bit. For instance, it must be extremely embarrassing for you when you meet a girls' school, if they all dash round and begin to sniff delightedly at your coat sleeves. I can imagine what the mistress's face would be like! Still, cheer up, every cloud has a silver lining, and, if the worst comes to the worst, you will always be able to obtain an excellent salary in the shop of some enterprising florist.

Dossing Under Difficulties.

A FEW weeks ago I offered twenty-five pencil cases to the readers of P.W. who had slept under the most curious conditions. This little competition has proved amazingly popular. To judge by the enormous number of interesting letters I have received, dossing under difficulties is an art in which readers of the cerise-coloured one excel. One competitor tells me how he once dropped off into a refreshing slumber while repairing a telegraph pole, while another, overcome by Morpheus when attending to a prize bull, woke up to find his head comfortably pillowed on the animal's neck. A number of my readers send accounts of weird sleeping places which they patronised in the late South African war, when slumbering in graves and dreaming softly on the top of live shells and kegs of gunpowder seem to have been every-night experiences. One fair competitor describes how she once dropped peacefully off in a hot bath; while an ex-Australian reader sends a thrilling account of how he lay in the bush and watched Australian aborigines hurling spears into the blanket under which they imagined him to be lying. I must confess that, after reading all these hair-raising incidents, I retired to my own comfortable bed with an even deeper gratitude and enjoyment than usual. The following is the list of the twenty-five successful competitors:

L. D. Anderson, 1 Jane Terrace, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh; W. Barklie, Hill Hall, Lisburn; Miss E. F. Barratt, 33 Croft Road, Bromley, Kent; T. Burgess, 254 Ashmore Road, Paddington; F. Clegg, 24 John Lomas Street, Hollin Bank, Blackburn; E. Dicks, 12 Balfour Grove, Chiswick Lane; J. Ellis, Walter Street, Oswaldtwistle; J. Elvins, Rookery Farm, Henley-in-Arden; J. Fraser, 6 Jackman Square, Woodhouse, Leeds; J. C. Fraser, Crawford, Lanarkshire; W. W. Gibbons, The Crow Trees, Radway, Kineton; J. S. Gibbs, East Ardsley, Yorkshire; C. Harding, 181A King's Cross Road, London; E. Hedgecock, 6 St. John Street, Chester; C. Hoare, 3 Marlborough Road, Bowes Park; B. D. Jones, Bryn Eglwys Llanllechid; O. Jones, 35 Salisbury Road, High Barnet; J. Owen, Döl Gethin, Bettws-y-Coed; G. S. Parker, 28 Spring Street, Brighton; S. G. Payne, 7 Fairlight Glen, Margate; G. H. L. Rickards, Duke Street, Padstow; T. Straughan, Green Batt, Alnwick; F. P. Ward, Oughtibridge, Sheffield; T. Welch, 45 Church Street, Cowdenbeath; J. Wood, 9 Nyth Bran Terrace, Porth, Glam.

Clever Little Birdie.

G. C. sends me a bird story, with the brief comment that I can believe it or not, as I like. Here it is: "Earlier in the year I lost a woollen glove in the road, and as it was dark, and I was in a hurry, I didn't trouble to look for it. Not being a very tidy person, the fellow-glove lay tossing about my room for some time. One morning quite recently, as I lay in bed with the window partly open, I noticed a bird on the sill. After fluttering about for a little it flew into the room. There it made one circle round, and then, suddening darting on the glove, picked it up in its bill and flew back to the window. After some useless bumping against the glass, it escaped, taking the glove with it. I have no doubt that both gloves may now be found forming the lining to some cosy nest." You don't say what sort of bird it was, G. C., but I gather from your account that it must have been a robin (laughter)! No doubt it read your name and address on a tape in the other glove, and decided that, as soon as it was ready, it would call for the fellow. It is wonderful how intelligent some birds and animals are. Have you ever heard the story of the blind man's dog, who, when its master's foot became entangled in the lines at a level crossing, wrenched off the red neck-tie that his master was wearing, and ran up the line waving it in its mouth? I feel that your robin and that dog ought to become acquainted. I am sure they would have a lot in common.

Pages in Order.

"I SUPPOSE," writes GLADYS, "that you often receive letters written on all four sides of the paper. Reading them is no doubt a pleasure to you, provided the sides are in consecutive order; but if you have to jump from the first to the third, and then back to the second, it must be a decidedly worrying affair. I received a letter this week from a cousin who had even eclipsed the above, having actually written the second page upside down."

I suppose your cousin thought that, by the time you had finished the first sheet and realised whom the letter was from, you would be standing on your head with delight. But, joking apart, GLADYS, I quite agree with you, and wish everybody held the same opinion. It is most annoying to get to the bottom of a sheet, and, having read the first part of a sentence, such as, "I think the writer of page 16—" to turn over and come across some such startling conclusion as, "ought to be well beaten with long sticks," which really refers to the drawing-room carpet that has been introduced on page 4. So, perhaps, any of my correspondents who come across this paragraph will in future spare me these upsetting experiences, and let their pages run on in the excellent order introduced by the gentleman who invented arithmetic.

Where Does Honesty End?

MRS. H. O. thinks that the popular proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," is a most misleading statement. "My husband (head of a department in a large warehouse)," she writes, "was approached by a man under him whom we will call J. The latter wanted my husband to draft him an application for a post, which he had heard on the strict Q.T. was shortly to become vacant. Now, unknown to J., my husband was on the look-out for just such a post. Here was a dilemma. My husband knew from his experience of J. that the latter hadn't the ghost of a chance, and subsequent events proved him right. He also knew that if he himself applied he had a very good one. Now, Mr. Editor, where does that old saying come in? My hubby did his best for J., who failed to get it, and we were told afterwards by a partner in the firm that, had my husband himself applied, the job would have been his. He still sticks to his guns, however, and says that he did the right thing." So he did, Mrs. H. O., and I congratulate you heartily on having such a husband. If he had taken advantage of the trust which J. put in him, and applied for the job, he would always have despised himself afterwards. You may consider such unselfishness and honesty to be foolish, but you must remember that without them he wouldn't be the excellent and considerate husband that I feel sure he is.

Artist, Musician, Criminal.

THE study of the life of Charles Peace, the master criminal of the nineteenth century, always presents keen interest and excitement to the reader. No greater riddle than Charles Peace ever existed, and his genius for crime stands out among his other marvellous talents. He was a born musician, an accomplished artist, a wonderful inventor. Had he chosen, he could have attained to almost anything he wished. As the late George Augustus Sala wrote, "He was either bad-mad or mad-bad." An amazing new life story of Charles Peace commences this week in THE BIG BUDGET, and I should advise you to purchase a copy of this bright home-story paper, and commence reading the extraordinary drama.

Music Hath Charms.

I AM always on the look-out for good ideas for helping the Fresh Air Fund, and REMLAP sends along an excellent one. "The Ryde Volunteer Band," he writes (or, correctly speaking, one should say Territorial), "play in the esplanade gardens on five or six evenings every year in May and June. The money which they collect is taken to the Isle of Wight County Hospital. They have done this regularly for the past six years. They get no payment themselves, but merely do it for the sake of the charity. I venture to think that, if you suggested the idea in your paper, some country bands might do the same for the Fresh Air Fund."

I only hope they will, REMLAP. What do you say, musical readers of P.W.? Couldn't those of you who belong to a band spare an occasional evening for the poor little victims of the slums, who are hoping so eagerly that the F.A.F. will be able to take them for a day amongst the green fields? In most country or small seaside towns there is some promenade or open space where people stroll about on fine evenings, and I am sure that all of them would gladly support your kindly efforts on behalf of the children's charity.

A Hint for Budding Actors.

It is not only our musical readers, however, who could help on these lines. Those who are fond of acting, and belong to amateur dramatic clubs, have a splendid chance of doing a good turn to the F.A.F., and, at the same time, enjoying a novel and interesting experience. Why shouldn't such clubs get up something in the way of a pastoral play to take place at the local fête that nearly every small town goes in for about July or August? It is real good fun, and those who take the trouble to do so, and to make it known that the proceeds will be given to the F.A.F., can rely on a crowded and enthusiastic audience. There are lots of little one-act plays suitable for the open air, while a more ambitious club might even tackle *As You Like It*, or H. V. Esmond's *One Summer's Day*. An entertainment of this type, provided the weather is fine, is always extremely popular. Apart from providing themselves with an amusing way in which to spend some of the long summer evenings, those who took part would have the satisfaction of knowing that they were bringing a little joy and colour into the grey lives of several hundred children.

F.A.F. Special Days.

THE following special outings in connection with the Fresh Air Fund have been arranged since our last list was published: July 1st, "Lawn Tennis" Day; July 2nd, "Little Maisie Mortimer's Party" Day; July 2nd, "Mr. Kenneth Bilbrough's" Day; July 3rd, "Mr. James Alexander Carson's" Day; July 6th, "Cavalry School" Day; July 7th, "Cavalry School" Day; July 8th, "The Nellie Corder Party" Day; July 8th, day given by Mr. H. R. Lamonby, of Penrith; July 9th, "Mr. J. Goodman Davies's" Day.

F.A.F. Figures.

THE following subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund have been received since the last list of contributions was published:

Amount previously acknowledged, £1,433 4s. 3½d.

Ord. Subs.: T. and K. Fergusson, 1s. 6d.; J. Audley, 1s. 6d.; Miss Barrow, £2 2s.; Mr. and Mrs. Sells, 5s.; A. Huddersfield Baby, 1s.; Miss Alexander, 1s. 6d.; J. Lawson, 1s. 6d.; M. E. Gaye, 9d.; L. W. Gaye, 9d.; Unsuccessful, 9d.; H. Rivers, 2s. 6d.; Sergt. J. B. Turner, 2s. 6d.; J. Fletcher, 9d.; M. Deuchars, 10s.; J. B. Taylor, 2s.; W. F. R., 1s. 6d.; Well Wisher, 2s.; J. Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Winner's Mite, 3s.; A. Priestley, 2s.; G. H., 9d.; D. A., 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. G., 1s. 6d.; Miss Tinker and Miss Dixon, 2s.; L. Fletcher, 2s. 6d.; C. B., 2s.; Bolton Winners, 5s.; J. C. McC., 1s.; F. A. D., 5s.; W. F. H., 5s.; Elma, 2s.; T. E. F., 2s.; A. G., 5s.; H. Rabbeth and family, 4s. 6d.; Miss Falwayer, £1; Mrs. Mylchreest, 7s. 6d.; A. C. Brown, £1; "Solos," £1; J. M. Bird-wistle, 3s.; J. McN., 1s. 6d.; Miss C. Clarke, 10s.; A. Thankoffering, 10s.; Soldier, 9d.; A. Young, £2; Miss Birley, 5s.; M. Gieson, £1; F. Jordan, 2s. 6d.; J. Jones, 1s. 6d.; K. M. C., 7s. 6d.; E. B., £1; W. A. L. and S. G. L., South Africa, 17s.; J. W. M., 1s. 6d.; A. Friend in the North, £1; Monnie and Lemmy, 1s. 6d.; H. A., 9d.; Anon., 10s.; R. N. McAndrew, £50; Fielding Testimonial, per W. D., 5s.; S. Frost, 1s. 6d.; A. M. Grady, 10s.; J. H. de Robert, 10s.; C. Nicol, 10s. 6d.; In Memory of Tilliemudums, £2 10s.; P. S., 10s.; Three of P.W. Readers, 4s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; F. M. B., 9d.; Increased Wage, 3s.; M. D. Cooke, £5; L. Robertson, £5; R. P., 4s. 6d.; A. McLaren, 10s.; J. Fergusson, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; J. P. Fraser, 5s.; J. E. Campbell, 3s.; V. A., 9d.; J. Innes, 10s.; J. Cumming, 9d.; A. Friend, 1s.; A. Pearce, 1s.; W. H. D., 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Ewen, 1s. 6d.; A. J. C., 1s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkott, 9s.; O. D. P., £1 7s.; Gladys and her brothers, 4s.; Anon., 9d.; Kathie of Ranelagh, 10s. 6d.; Stanwick, 4s. 6d.; C. A. Wray, 3s. 4d.; E. de Salis, 1s. 6d.; F. E. F., 1s.; A. J., W. T., and M. E. Richardson, 3s.; A. Lover of Little Ones, 2s. 6d.; Hobbes, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 4s. 6d.; G. P. Langley and friends, 10s.; H. S. Robertson, 5s.; H. W., 1s. 6d.; Expectant, 2s. 6d.; L. G. Toms, 10s.; J. O. W., H. R., and J. R., 3s.; R. S., 9d.; R. H. and D. S., 5s.

COLLECTED: O. Ryder, 3s.; Gun Room Officers, H.M.S. Formidable, £1 5s. 6d.; Chief Cashier's Office, per H. Cox, 5s. 3d.; J. Thomson, 5s.; Sunday School Children, Sierra, Malta, 10s.; Torpedo Head, 4s.; A. H. Burnip, £2 15s.; U.F. Church Bible Class, Newtyle, £1. A. Copeland, 12s.; Brownie and Trixie Haverall, 4s.; J. Gray, 2s. 6d.; R. Chalk, 2s. 5d.; Miss Everard, £1 8s. 1d.

Grand (Pearson's Weekly) Total, £1,533 6s. 11½d.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fare. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the Daily Express, Limited, the Standard Newspapers, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; 2s. 2s. pays for a complete party of 200 with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

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PARSLEY, THE ZEST-GIVER.

The parsley-bed in the corner of the garden is one of the best garden friends the housewife possesses. Even if she does not own a garden she can always have her parsley-box, for the dark-green pot-herb will grow readily anywhere almost, if it be only given a measure of attention.

Parsley is a biennial plant. It likes a good soil in order to develop its rich, dark greenery well, and to secure for itself its special amount of aromatic oil. But, if its soil be too richly manured, too well provided with plant-food, the parsley languishes, and will not do well.

It will not do well on a very poor soil, either, but seems to like to undertake a little labour on its own account in seeking for its food.

A wise wife will keep in her garden a whole succession of parsley plants going. She will have seed sown in February, again in May, and once more in July. The latter sowing will give winter greenery at a time when parsley is scanty and dear. Of course, it has to be kept safely from frost-touch in a cold frame.

With parsley at hand, the cook or house-dame has a garnish of great worth always at hand. No dish of cold meat is complete without the dainty addition of parsley as its appetising garnish.

If she has a little ham as a remainder, this can be set out to great advantage on a dish by means of green parsley round it. The white of the sliced fat, the red of the lean, are shown up by the aromatic green leaves.

Again, there is an end of cold beef, quite useless for a hash, and not enough for a cold dish. It is

minced, then mixed with an equal amount of chopped parsley, and fried. The result is a savoury croquette or two, the rich brown balls arranged on a dish, with a garnish of fried parsley sprays around it.

There may be nothing for breakfast one morning. But an egg is in the larder and plenty of parsley is in the garden. The egg is beaten, thickened with flour, seasoned with a little salt. Into the batter is stirred a goodly quantity of finely-chopped parsley, and the savoury omelet results, making of egg and parsley batter a dainty breakfast dish.

Undoubtedly, the first quality to be noted in parsley is its aromatic oil, the source of its well-known attribute as an appetiser.

This oil is present in minute sacs containing an infinitesimal quantity of actual vegetable oil. Yet it is of extremely powerful quality, making up in strength what it lacks in amount. This oil is the cause of the agreeable smell of parsley, and, by pleasing the nostril, it also is able to please the palate. This essence of parsley can be expressed from the plant, and used as a real essence to give flavour to soups and stews.

But parsley oil is seldom so used, the plant itself being so readily at hand, so that the housewife may have body as well as flavour in her culinary concoctions.

On the rocks of Sardinia it grew first, and to this island we owe it. The rocks sheltered it from too much drying sun, and kept the crevices where its roots hid damp and cool. Its name, "petros," a rock, was given it on account of the stony nature of its best-liked growing-place. To the Sardinians, therefore, we owe the pot-herb, the good kitchen friend, the disguiser of indifferent foods, the transformer of good things into perfect dishes.

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Bank Holiday . . August 3.	M 7 14 21 28 T 1 8 15 22 29 W 3 10 17 24 T 4 11 18 25 F 5 12 19 26 S 6 13 20 27	M 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 W 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 F 9 16 23 30 S 10 17 24 31	M 3 9 16 23 30 T 4 10 17 24 31 W 5 11 18 25 T 6 12 19 26 F 7 13 20 27 S 8 14 21 28	M 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 W 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 F 10 17 24 S 11 18 25	M 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 W 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 F 8 15 22 29 S 9 16 23 30	June 26 ... 9.19 " 27 ... 9.19 " 28 ... 9.19 " 29 ... 9.18 " 30 ... 9.18 July 1 ... 9.18 " 2 ... 9.18
Christmas Day December 25.						
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